OCTOBER 4 — 10, 1980

RS. 1.50

EVE'S WEEKLY

COOLER DAYS AHEAD: NOW IS THE TIME TO VISIT DESERT COUNTRY

THOSE OMINOUS WHITE SPOTS: CAN LEUCODERMA BE CURED?

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TOWEL HOOK

SOAP DISH

SOAP DISH

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EVE'S WEEKLY

VOL. XXXIV NO. 40 BOMBAY OCT. 4 — 10, 1980

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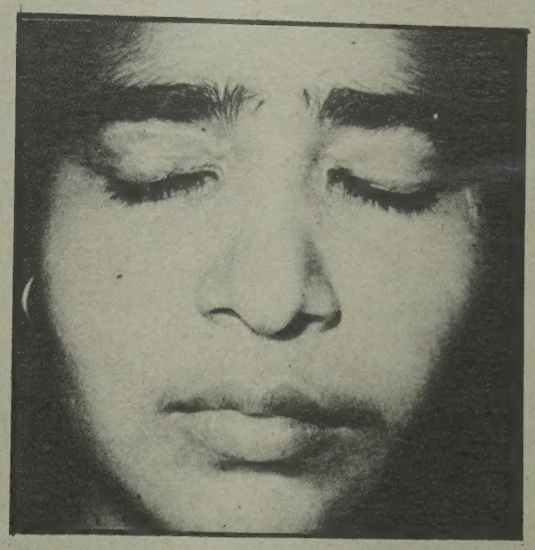
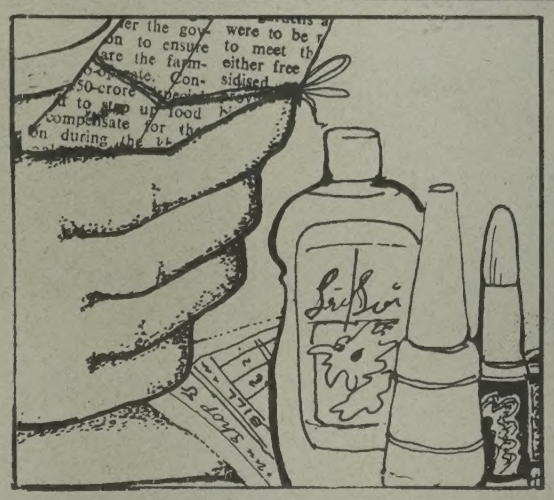
THIS WEEK

FACTS ABOUT LEUCODERMA

The advent of those ominous white spots on the skin heralds the onset of anxiety for both the afflicted and the people close to them. The psychological impact of leucoderma far outweighs the physical aspects of the disease. But now two separate schools of medicine hold out hope.

Page 10.





BUYER VS. SELLER

Gandhiji's famous words about the importance of the customer adorn the walls of many shops, especially those run by the government. But customer relations still seems to be a low priority among sellers in India. A Consumer Awareness feature.

Page 57.

WOMEN'S FILMS

A film festival is planned to be held in Delhi from October 2 to 5, 1980. Only, this one is to be a film festival with a difference. The purpose : to try and gain a perspective of Indian women through films made over the past few decades.

Page 18.

VACATION AMONG THE DUNES

There are cooler days up ahead and this is a good time to plan an off-the-beaten-track holiday into desert country.
A guide to holidaying in Rajasthan.

Page 22.

ALSO

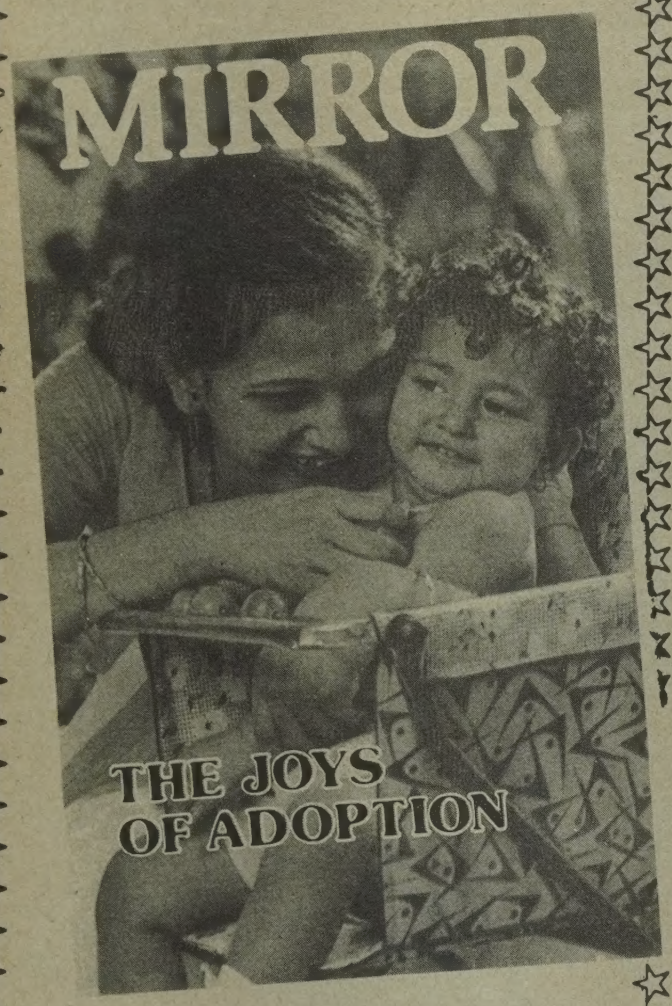
More Facts About Leucoderma — **Page 15** Creative Photography: XX — **Page 29** "Price To Be Met": Part III of the new Mills & Boon serialisation — **Page 32** Eve Today : Jaya Arunachalam — **Page 37** Film Interview : Manoj Kumar, after "Kranti", what? — **Page 47** Woman in Focus : Sivananda Vijayalaxhmi — **Page 63.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Readers' Voice/**9**, Young Viewpoint/**17**, That's A Laugh/**21**, Fashion/**34**, Cookery/**39**, Comics/**43**, People Known & Unknown/**45**, Short Story/**49**, True Confession/**53**, Frankly Speaking/**61**, People & Events/**64**, Horoscope/**66**.

The Joys of Adoption.

In India, every other child is born a destitute. And it yearns for a home, a family and a name. Imagine its happiness when some kind soul adopts it. A touching cover story on this human issue. With a companion piece on the factors that deter people from coming forward to adopt abandoned kids.



October 1980 Issue

★ **How America Chooses Its President.**
The colourful election process in the U.S.A. and how it affects us in India.

★ **Discovering Lothal...**
And fascinating traces of the Indus Valley civilization.

★ **Sunshine In A Silent World.**
A deaf student with a retarded speech faculty strikes gold in the matriculation exams. A profile.

★ **Who Will Go Down Under?**
Eminent Cricket personalities comment on the Indian team's selection and prospects in Australia.

Exclusive! Bhagwan Rajneesh on the attempt on his life.

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INCENTIVE

YOUR PAGE

Do you have something to say?
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1st PRIZE

TO 'AIR' IS HUMAN...?

It seems that all the hue and cry various organisations supporting women's lib, and our mass-media, made some time ago against the 'sati' which was performed recently in some remote village was merely an eye-wash. Only very recently, I was shocked to listen to the play 'Vardaan' in the 'Hava Mahal' programme relayed from Vividh Bharati, Bangalore. The theme was the decision of a teenaged, unmarried girl to immolate herself when she was kidnapped from her house by the Maratha King Sambhaji, but was saved in time by one of his courtiers. If the official mass-medium can be used to glorify such shameful rites from 'our great heritage', how can we expect to educate our uneducated millions to shed these orthodox and cruel rituals? Is this all we have inherited from our great ancestors? I don't understand what sort of message the AIR authorities were trying to convey to our countrymen by choosing such a shameful theme. Such incidents, even if true, are best left to the pages of history.

Has any of the women's organisations protested to the AIR on this issue? Perhaps they all remain too busy with their grand ceremonies/functions, full of high-flown oratory to find time to monitor this most important mass-medium which has the largest coverage compared to other media. Maybe they think that since they don't listen to AIR, nobody else listens either, not even in the villages and remote areas, where radio is the only contact with the outside world! I hope some organisation will take up the matter and see to it that in future AIR does not glorify such obnoxious rites and rituals of our past. I feel thoroughly disgusted, even though it was just a radio play.

SHOBHA PALTA, Bangalore

There is a mistaken belief that such great feats of courage and sacrifice will enlighten and uplift of our masses. No one thinks of the unaccountable harm that can be done to receptive, impressionable minds. We don't know much about the broadcasting of this play, but we do agree that the radio must, at all times, be vigilant.

2nd PRIZE

DRINK AND BE DEAD

It is a well-known fact that many of our countrymen believe in religious myths and superstitions, but it is preposterous when persons in high positions indulge in such thinking. The Civil Aviation and Tourism Minister A. P. Sharma's pronouncement, in the Rajya Sabha, that Ganga Water could never be polluted is, at best, wishful thinking. Most of the Ganga Water is diverted to canals near Hardwar, while a small stream is let into the main river. Thereafter the river gets water from the Yamuna, the Ramganga and several other tributaries. Industrial waste, sewage, filth and garbage flow into the river. Scientists have isolated a very large number of bacteria from the river and have come to the conclusion that the bathing ghats at Varanasi are highly polluted and instead of washing away one's sins the river causes diseases such as amoebiosis, typhoid, cholera and gastro-enteritis. A study published in the Indian Journal of Ecology has revealed the presence of pathogenic organisms of algal community which are indicators of high pollution of water. There is a potential danger to the health of the people who drink the untreated Ganga water for religious reasons. It is time, we rid ourselves of that fervent fantasy: "Ganga Tera Pani Amrit"!

T. S. RAMA KRISHNA RAO, Vijayawada

Maybe the illiterate, the blind believers do persist in regarding the waters of the Ganga as pure, but we know of several educated, knowledgeable persons — especially among the young — who are aware of the dangers. That said, we would call upon educational institutions and the media to inform the public about the pollution that is rampant.

3rd PRIZE

LOWLY GODDESSES

In an interview with a popular film monthly, a once-phenomenal movie star has come out with a classic statement: 'I treat my woman like a goddess, but her place is at my feet." Can you beat that? It just about sums up the traditional Indian male attitude towards women, particularly wives. Place them on a pedestal and bring that pedestal down to your shoes. Mark the arrogance and the nonchalance with which the statement is made. The place of a goddess — right down at his lordly feet! Indeed!

In order to bring her to the level of his feet, why is it so necessary to make her a 'goddess' first? To pay lip-service and glorify her? Or, could it be shades of a true-blue Oedipus Complex?

Only shoes belong at one's feet — and nobody, but nobody, feels impelled to place them on a pedestal first!

KAMLESH VAID, New Delhi

The macho male — with all his ostensible virile superiority and his shaky ego — is thriving in the film industry with its negative heroes who, to repeat a film-journalism cliche, are really zeros. This business of placing women on a pedestal just makes us sick. Just whom do the hypocrites think they're fooling? Not the women, anymore — no, Sir!

AD-ING TO CHAOS

Open the newspaper to the 'Matrimonials' page, and a "Wanted: a fair Saraswat Brahmin' girl (or groom) for a . . ." insertion stares you in the face.

Turn to the 'Situations Vacant' column, and you come across an advertisement for a "Keralite typist" or a "Punjabi receptionist".

Flick over to the 'Appointments' page, and you are met by a galaxy of ads asking for a Scheduled caste candidate or a woman candidate.

With such advertisements appearing, and increasing, day by day and that, too, in a national medium like the newspaper, which covers such a large portion of the public, I wonder if we will ever cross the narrow barriers of caste, creed, sex and colour?

MRS. BEENU SETHI, Chandigarh

We wonder, too. Matrimonial ads, of course, should be the first to fall under the axe...

COMMERCIAL RITUAL

I was surprised to see a picture, recently, of a 'raakhi' in a daily newespaper. It was made of five-rupee notes and sold at the price of thirty rupees. Any sister who bought this 'raakhi' and tied it on her brother's wrist would certainly expect much more in return from him.

There was a time when 'raakhi' was only a piece of thread, the symbol of a brother and sister's love. But with every year that goes by love is disappearing and the custom is becoming ugly and vulgar. A 'raakhi' was a lovely bond between brothers and sisters and it always symbolised eternal affection. Even if they did not meet for a whole year, the 'raksha bandhan' day would remind them of their responsibilities towards each other.

Must we, then, commercialise everything . . . even the love of a sister who ties the 'raakhi' and the brother who gives her something in return?

RIMA SPOLIA, Chandigarh.

Like so many other old traditions and values, this, too, has gone the way of all flesh (lucre?). What was once a true and beautiful symbol of undying love and protection has degenerated — more's the pity.

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READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

INAPPROPRIATE

I somehow couldn't appreciate the caricature-type illustration for the Human Interest Story, "The Beauty Within" (August 9). I think it was most uncalled for.

BINA GUPTA, Jamnagar.

UNWANTED CHILDREN

Not only does the health of unwanted children suffer, but there is every likelihood of their developing bad habits and becoming juvenile delinquents who will pose a problem to society. In this context, an organisation like "Ma Niketan" (August 16) plays an important part in helping them to grow in a healthy atmosphere. We should all say a big "thank you" to the Sisters of the Society of the Helpers of Mary.

RATNALEELA BAHADUR SINGH,
Secunderabad.

CUSTODY OF CHILDREN

Having gone through your issue of August 16 on the problem of custody of children after divorce, I feel enlightened. It is the children who pose the biggest problem to the two involved in the divorce. But surely always one of the two partners is passive and mild and therefore best suited to be a parent? The film, "Kramer Vs. Kramer", has shown this. What I do not agree with is keeping the divorce hidden from the children till a certain time. Since visits at regular intervals by one of the parents to meet his/her children are likely and since friends, neighbours or the visiting parent himself/herself might disclose the fact, it would not be psychologically expedient. It might produce an unhealthy reaction in the minds of the children and affect their future development. Above all, the credibility of the parent who has kept it hidden would be at stake.

ALOKA CHOWDHURY, Hazaribagh.

"YES" TO DEATH PENALTY

"Death Penalty" and "Back to the Noose" (Aug. 23) were thought-provoking articles. But there can be no two opinions on the award of the death penalty to brutal, sadistic rape, particularly when it is associated with murder. Persons of the class of Indira Jaising seem to be thinking of reforming the criminal and showing misplaced mercy to merciless butchers and rapists. Does Ms. Jaising believe that hardened criminals, particularly of the type of Billa and Ranga, will reform? Not in the least. Are our kith and kin, and children, born to be raped and butchered at will by merciless fiends, who'll be forgiven or let off with light punishment? No judge will sentence a man to death unless there is very strong evidence of the ruthless crime committed. I would prescribe worse punishment than even hanging for murderers of the type of Billa and Ranga. Even a policewoman like Kiran Bedi has voted for the death penalty. It will be a sad day indeed when grave crimes are treated mercifully and the dead and the aggrieved forgotten.

KUSUM G. DIGGAVI, Ahmedabad.

REPENTANCE WON'T DO

The write-up about the condemned man, Sunil Batra, by Ravindra Kumar (Aug. 23), was pathetic to go through, especially since I had seen this fellow in the lawns of engineering college here. It is really a great pity that this youth, the only son of his well-to do father, made such a dare-devil attempt. If one has no sympathy for Mr. Batra, one can at least think of what his parents must be feeling right now. No doubt Sunil committed a most heinous crime by killing the driver and the guard of the bank van. This unforgivable crime can't be washed away by his repentance, since that cannot bring to life the dead ones. They were brutally murdered for no fault of their own. If one thinks in such terms, one always feels that the criminal must be punished, however inhuman the punishment might seem.

PRABHAKAR S. HARSOLE, Indore.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF OCT. 11

OF LAURELS AND BABIES

Five achievers talk about how they managed their children while they were busy climbing the ladder to the top.

SKELETONS IN THE CUPBOARD

Sexual abuse of children, particularly within the family, is the kind of experience the victims rarely talk about, even later on in life, suffering their shame and misplaced guilt in isolation.
Some women share their experiences.

WOMEN AT THE U.S. OPEN

A review of the exciting matches and a discussion of the rise of new young talent among women tennis players internationally.

CHILD GUIDANCE CLINICS

When will a child profit from special, professional guidance? What kinds of problems can be solved or even avoided with timely help?

Plus all our regular features.

THOSE OMINOUS

THE COMMONEST MISCONCEPTIONS THAT PEOPLE HAVE OF LEUCODERMA ARE THAT IT IS A FORM OF LEPROSY AND THAT IT IS HIGHLY INFECTIOUS. NOTHING COULD BE FURTHER FROM THE TRUTH

Manohar S. Kamath

Troubles they say, often strike like bolts from the blue. Neela, a 17-year-old happy-go-lucky college student, never had the slightest inkling of what was in store for her during the first flush of youth. Just as she turned 17, she noticed a few tiny white spots on her lips. A week later there seemed to be no sign of their having improved. As the days went by, the spots went on increasing in size and no amount of medical consultations or cosmetics could hide them. Six months later the white patch had covered both her lips in their entirety and new ones were appearing on her hands. She was suffering from that "incurable" skin disease, leucoderma.

The appearance of the white patches made a tremendous change in the life of this young girl. From a vivacious teenager having a gay time in her college, she turned into a frustrated and depressed person, shunning the company of friends. She used to step out of the house only when it was absolutely essential and had to be coaxed by her parents to attend classes in college, which at one stage she contemplated giving up.

The experience of Mrs. P., a housewife staying in Dadar, was almost similar. 28 years old, well-settled in life, with two daughters and an executive husband, she found to her horror that she was suddenly developing white patches on both her hands as well as her feet. Early consultations and investigations revealed the cause to be leucoderma, and to the consternation of the young housewife, the patches seemed to be spreading rapidly with little or no sign of arrest. Her reaction was more mature and understanding than that of Neela, but it became quite embarrassing to expose her hands to her neighbours or to guests who would stare at them in horror.

The experience of both these women is shared by lakhs of young people in India. Leucoderma is a relatively common disease which affects a large number of people. It causes no pain, no itching, in fact, no symptoms at all except the discolouration of the skin; but it causes tremendous harm at the psychological level and the mental pain it inflicts can be felt but not recounted.

In tropical countries like India where people are brown-skinned, a patch of white skin can look positively ugly. Even more important than that however, is the social stigma attached to the disease which makes it difficult to bear. The commonest misconceptions that people have of this disease are that it is a form of leprosy and that it is highly infectious. Nothing could be further from the truth, but until realisation dawns on a poorly informed public what is the remedy?

To young men and women, it is not just a question of social life. Careers have been unmade for those who have found their niche, and jobs are difficult to land if one suffers from leucoderma. Parents of young men and women spend sleepless nights wondering how to get their leucoderma-afflicted children married.

All this leads to severe damage of the psyche of the person affected by leucoderma. It is not uncommon to find them brooding by themselves, often turning into hopeless neurotics or psychotics. Even the most jolly and open-minded leucoderma patient will admit that there are times when he feels unwanted and even contemplates suicide. The mental problems are so severe that many young persons just allow themselves to drift and literally waste their lives.

Having understood the social background of the disease it is easy to understand why a patient who suffers from any white spot runs from pillar to post in an effort to obtain a cure for his condition and return to normal.

To understand more about leucoderma, it is necessary to delve a bit into past history. The disease finds mention in the Atharva Veda, the holy Hindu text which dates back to 1400 B.C. It is described as "shwetakushtha" (literally "white leprosy") and gives some indication of the reasons for present misconceptions. Even in the books describing the times of the Pharaohs, there is a description of leucoderma and leprosy with a distinct line of demarcation between the two — the former is described as having only a change of colour but the latter as having swellings and physical changes as well. These are the earliest available descriptions, but there are references to the disease in medical literature in the years that followed.

By definition, leucoderma (also commonly called vitiligo) is a disorder of the skin wherein it loses its pigment progressively due to a defect in the formation of a substance called melanin by cells in the skin called melanocytes. The disease is found all over the world and is widely prevalent in India in almost all its districts, with greater prevalence in some districts of Gujarat and U.P.

The world-wide incidence of vitiligo is believed to be 1 per cent; among countries from where statistics are available the incidence is 1.64 per cent in Japan, 0.39 per cent in Switzerland, 1.0 per cent in U.S.A. and Egypt and 0.14 per cent in the USSR. Though exact figures are not available for India, leucoderma is believed to occur in 3 to 4 per cent of the Indian populace. One important finding is that vitiligo affects women more than men, the ratio being in the region 2.5 : 1.

There is no age bar for vitiligo and one never knows when it will affect a person. It commonly starts as small white spots on the lips or the hands and gradually spreads, so that the spots later on take the appearance of a patch and, in severe cases, even that of a sheet. The characteristic of the vitiligenous patch is that it is absolutely white in colour and there are no other changes in the texture or sensation of the affected skin. When it affects the limbs, leucoderma is very often symmetrical on both sides.

Skin specialists like to classify vitiligo into two or three broad types :

1) The localised patch: where the skin of a particular part alone is affected.

2) The generalised vitiligo: where patches are scattered all over the body.

3) The universal vitiligo: where the entire body is affected by the disease.

What exactly is the cause of vitiligo? Not much is known about this aspect of the disorder of pigmentation. It is generally believed that leucoderma is caused by a combination of several factors. Many researchers feel that the real causative factors have not yet been revealed. Still others do not believe it is a disease process but a degenerative disorder. The controversy over whether the disease emanates from a defective body system or is a localised skin disorder has not yet been solved.

Of the maze of possible factors and incriminating events

Before and after — leucoderma on eyelids treated

WHITE SPOTS...

by plastic surgery by Dr. R. J. Maneksha.

that lead to leucoderma, some need mention here. It has been found that leucoderma is far more common statistically among people who have these predisposing factors :

Heredity : A high incidence of leucoderma is known in children either of whose parents suffer from the disease. If both parents suffer from the disease, the chances of the child having it are very high indeed. Leucoderma has been often found in several members of a family, often in successive or third generations and is believed to be due to a dominant gene.

Injury : Large wounds, especially burns, on healing are believed to be fertile ground for the development of leucoderma.

Psychological trauma: Severe mental strain is known to cause acute and abrupt attacks of vitiligo. There are several cases on record where people in shock have gone to bed and woken up the next morning to find huge white patches on their bodies. Exactly how this happens is not known.

Food Factors : These have been incriminated on several occasions and almost every food factor has been suspected at some time or the other. The B-complex vitamins, vitamin C and minerals like copper are presently the ones believed to have cause and effect relationship with vitiligo.

Hormones : The hormones have also been suspected of causing vitiligo. The current hormone theory that finds favour is that the pituitary does not produce adequate amounts of melanocyte stimulating hormone or that a few cells are resistant to its action.

Nervous theory : There are several suggestions that vitiligo could be a disorder of nerves since the nerves and skin are intimately associated with one another.

Toxins : Many researchers believe that leucoderma could be a result of toxins produced in the body, especially in the gut. This hypothesis is reinforced by the fact that leucoderma often occurs after an attack of dysentery or following worm infestation.

Infection : There is still an old school of thought which believes that vitiligo is caused by a viral infection though no virus has been isolated from such a patch. The theory is that the virus may alter cell function and subsequently die, to cause the well-known after-effects.

It is extremely common for lay persons and sometimes even medical practitioners to mistake leucoderma for other diseases involving skin pigment or vice versa. The commonest misdiagnosis is to believe that leucoderma is leprosy but the one factor that really differentiates the two is that there is loss of sensation in the affected skin in leprosy whereas there is none in vitiligo.

Tinea Versicolor, another disease which changes skin colour, is caused by a fungus and is found in moist, temperate conditions. The colour of leucoderma is quite different from this disorder which, incidentally, is easily curable. Hypopigmented birth marks are often confused with leucoderma. Children in particular are prone to suffer from small depigmented patches due to deficiency disorders or worm infestations, which are the source of constant worry to nervous mothers. The important thing to remember is that not every light coloured skin patch is leucoderma or leprosy and when faced with one such, the best remedy would be to approach a physician at the earliest.

We now turn to an important aspect — the treatment of leucoderma. Whatever the reasons for the origin and progress of the disease, it is known that ultimately the cause of leucoderma is in the melanocyte, the part of the skin cell responsible for producing pigment. The treatment of leucoderma is aimed at arresting the progress of the disease, attempting to stimulate the cells in the white patch to regain colour and if all this fails, to obtain good cosmetic results by surgery.

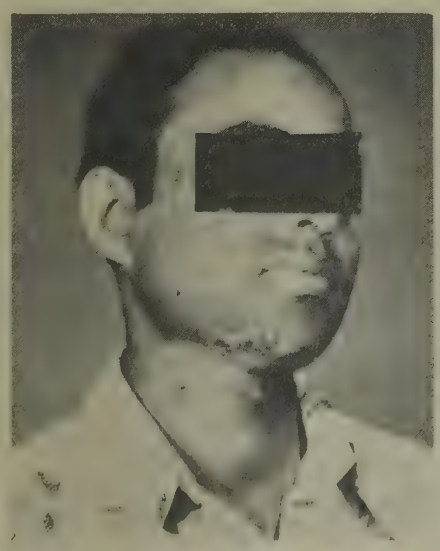
Vitiligo is one of the few diseases which are very difficult to treat and in which both the doctor and patient are aware of the urgency of setting the situation right as soon as possible. Whereas diseases like cancer or heart attacks gradually kill a person, vitiligo is a disease which keeps the body healthy but causes irreparable damage to the psyche of the patient making him or her die a "thousand mental deaths."

The initial treatment of leucoderma consists of generally improving the patient's nutrition and setting right any deficiency that may be present. The treatment of any precipitating factor like dysentery or worm infestation is also part of the treatment. Some physicians recommend a decrease in the intake of Vitamin C from fruits and raw vegetables and an increase in the intake of copper, but the impact of these on the disease is open to question.

The cornerstone of treatment in modern (Western) medicine is the use of the psoralens to arrest or cure leucoderma. The use of these chemical compounds dates back to ancient Indian medicine where plants containing these substances were used as part of treatment for this disease. The actual active ingredient "psoralen" was derived from the seeds of the psoralea plant in 1933 by a European scientist named Jois.

The exact method of action of the psoralens is not known, but it is believed to stimulate the melanocyte to produce pigment and thus alter the colour of the vitiligenous skin. The drug can be taken orally or applied to the affected spot, following which exposure to sunlight or ultra-violet rays is essential to result in pigment formation.

A herbo-surgical method was used by Vaidya Paranjape to treat this case of leucoderma on the neck.



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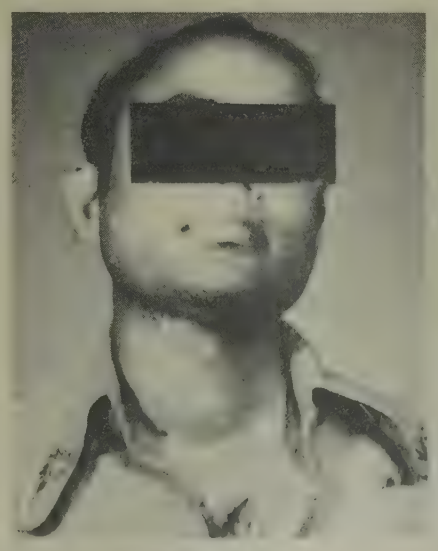

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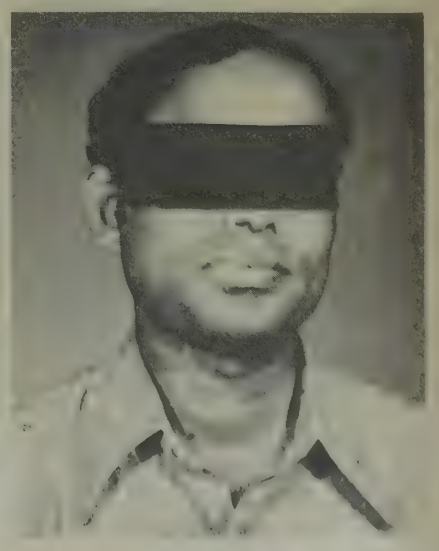

May 1980

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THOSE OMINOUS WHITE SPOTS

The choice of whether to resort to oral or tropical application is best left to a skin specialist, but in general it is true to say that small patches react better to local applications whereas larger ones need oral therapy. The ideal therapy consists of recourse to both modes.

The role of sunlight or utlraviolet rays in repigmentation must be stressed here. After psoralen intake, the patient must expose the affected part to sunlight for a few minutes every day, increasing the exposure gradually as the weeks go by. The utra-violet rays in the sun stimulate the melanocyles to produce pigment if and when the dosage is right. Excessive exposure can cause burns and inadequate exposure may not give the desired results.

The results of psoralen treatment are usually specific and quick. About ten per cent of patients get completely cured of the disease and as many as 25 to 30 per cent attain a state of cosmetic cure. The action of psoralen does not depend upon the number of years the disease has existed, but younger patients are usually noted to obtain better results than older ones. Large, spreading lesions do not respond to psoralen as well as small patches or dots do; hence early treatment is recommended for new cases. Some skin researchers report that the simultaneous use of steriod preparations benefits the patient in addition to the use of plain psoralen.

Treatment with psoralen usually shows results within 15 days to one month, though the treatment may have to continue for as long ar one or two years to obtain a complete cure. A study in the Christian Medical College at Vellore reveals that lesions of the head and neck gave a better response to the treatment whereas those on the lips and hands gave very poor response.

Meanwhile drug researchers are devising safer and better drugs to cure the disease. Psoralen derivatives are being purified and reconstructed to obtain the maximum benefit for the patient within the minimum dosage and without side effects. Initially, the drug in use was the crude extract. This was later purified to 6 methoxy-psoralen and later, 8-methoxy-psoralen to increase its potency. The latest drug for this condition is 4, 5, 8-trimethyl-psoralen.

Several other variations of oral and topical therapy have been tried with varying degrees of success. Some researchers have advocated injection of psoralen into the vitiligenous area for better results. Others have advocated the use of a variety of oils to rub into them. One new method being tried with reasonable success these days is the tattooing of the vitiligo patch with oil or light dyes to make it match the surrounding skin. The work is extremely delicate and should be done only by people with experience who are only a handful.

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For those cases of leucoderma which cannot be cured by medicines alone, there is an alternative. Plastic surgery, the art of making people beautiful, has been resorted to with a great degree of success to treat and cure leucoderma. There are quite a few plastic surgeons who tackle leucoderma with the scalpel. One such with a vast experience is Dr. R. J. Manecksha of Bombay. An elderly gentleman with an ever-ready smile, Dr. Manecksha spoke at length about its surgical treatment.

"It is possible to cure leucoderma with plastic surgery to a great extent," he said. "The only important criterion is that the leucoderma should be stationary and non-progressive for at least one year. This can be achieved with drugs and thereafter we can use plastic surgery to repair the cosmetic harm."

Dr. Manecksha described three types of operations for leucoderma. If the patch is small, the entire portion of depigmented skin is removed at one sitting leaving behind a thin scar. If the patch is larger, as much as possible is removed and the two ends rejoined. Some time later, the procedure is repeated, so that ultimately with two or three operations, the entire white patch is replaced by healthy-looking skin.

The third type of operation is a complex one wherein large patches of white skin are replaced by grafts from skin taken from other sites of the body. If the site of the patch is the face, it is quite difficult to get "matching" skin. This type of operation also involves removal of the entire "unit" of skin to which the affected part belongs; for example, the whole lip will have to be grafted even if only one-third of it is affected, to achieve good cosmetic results.

"Plastic surgery does offer a lot to the leucoderma patient," Dr. Manecksha said. "In fact, if all the required preconditions are met, the rate of cure can be as high as 60 per cent. The best sites for good results are the body and the face. The most difficult sites are the finger-tips since it is well-nigh impossible to get a graft to "take" there.

The plastic operations are usually painless as they can be done under general or local anaesthesia. A tight dressing is used to occlude the graft for about 15 days, in which time new blood vessels enter it and it becomes part of the "normal" skin of the affected area.

Dr. Manecksha, who has presented several papers on his findings and methods, is confident that with more dissemination of knowledge, the role of plastic surgery would be a positive one in leucoderma.

Indigenous medicine has also a large say in the treatment of leucoderma. A large number of patients and quite a large number of practitioners of indigenous medicine claim they have either been cured of or can cure leucoderma. One such person who has done a great deal of research in this field is Vaidya M. Y. Paranjape. Hailing from Pune and having a practice in both Pune and Bombay, Vaidya Paranjape claims he has seen over 4000 cases of leucoderma over a period of about eight years. By a method of trial and error and with recourse to age-old Ayurvedic medicines, the Vaidya claims he can cure a large percentage of cases.

"I hail from a family of vaidyas and my three brothers are also in the same field," Vd. Paranjape said. "I was interested in this seemingly common disease and over the years I discovered that the oil of a plant called Rudrajata can cure this disease in significantly large numbers. The plant is mentioned in the Ayurvedic pharmacopoeia — Nardkarni's materia medica.

Regarding the incidence and occurrence of leucoderma, Vd. Paranjape blames the poor eating habits and the bad hygiene of the people which cause the disease. In the Ayurvedic system leucoderma is looked upon as a manifestation of a systemic disease like all other diseases.

Vd. Paranjape treats leucoderma with a combination of oral tablets, an oil for local application and a herbal soap. The tablets which he has named Derma

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THOSE OMINOUS WHITE SPOTS . . .

pills and Vitigo contain several ayurvedic bhasmas and herbal derivatives, plus derivatives of cow's urine. The rudrajata oil, which is the most important, is derived by boiling the Rudrajata plant and the Chitraka plant with water for several minutes and is extracted in a crude form. The plants (which may be related to the psorlea group) give off a yellowish, odourless oil which is to be applied twice a day to the lesions. The soap contains several ayurvedic ingredients and is a general "cleansing agent" of the skin in dermatological disorders.

Besides these main drugs Vd. Paranjape also gives certain ayurvedic medicines to cure the patient of worm infestation and constipation. The latter, he believes is an important causative or contributing factor of vitiligo, which should be treated vigorously for improving chances of cure. Besides this, certain dietary restrictions like reducing the intake of fruits and vegetables and avoiding fried and oily foodstuff is part of the treatment.

Besides the above treatment Vd. Paranjape has invented a new form of therapy for leucoderma which he terms the "herbo-surgical" treatment for this disease. In this, a section of the patient's white patch is anaesthetised with a local anaesthetic and using an old type of smallpox vaccinator, a number of pokes are made into the skin after placing Rudrajata oil on the patch. The results, he says, are highly satisfactory and within a period of three to four weeks the discoloured patch starts to regain colour. Following a number of sittings (depending on the extent of vitiligo) the skin returns to an almost normal hue. Though Vd. Paranjape claims that his is original work in this field, which he calls the theory of melanoblastic autoinfiltration, one must point out that his "herbo-surgical" method is a variant of "tattooing" in comparative western medicine.

"With my treatment, the results have been quite good so far," he said. "Of the 4000 patients I have treated, about 1500 were fully cured. Most of them came to me after being partially treated by other practitioners or after allopathic medicine could do nothing for them. The trouble with leucoderma is that it is a chronic

Continued on page 66

TACKLING LEUCODERMA

Approximately 1 in 20 or 25 persons in India develops leucoderma at some stage of his or her life. What is puzzling is that there is an increasing frequency of such cases in some states, e.g. Gujarat.

Though mainly a cosmetic problem from the point of view of its physical effects, the disease causes a great deal of psychological damage by the ugliness and social repulsion it creates. Hence it is necessary to investigate and find the cause of and cure for leucoderma, because the factors that cause this disease are still largely conjectural.

CONGENITAL OR ACQUIRED

Leucoderma literally means "white skin." Young adults of both sexes are most commonly affected. The disorder may be congenital or acquired.

The congenital form is known as "albinism" and is marked by an almost complete lack of tyrosinase, the enzyme responsible for the production of melanin, due to a genetic biochemical error. These individuals lack skin pigment to a considerable degree, have blond hair, and characteristically pink, unpigmented eyes. Melanin is the pigment which offers protection to the skin against the sun. The total absence of this in a person living in the tropics therefore leads to sunburn and in some cases, even skin cancer. This form of leucoderma is usually present from birth.

The acquired form of leukoderma is also termed as vitiligo. It may appear at any age and its cause or mechanism is still unknown. Certain food habits, viz. consumption of mutually antithetical foods, e.g. milk and onion or fish, together, bowel disturbances, worm infestation, etc. have been suspected of predisposing a person to this disorder. Occupational leucoderma of the hands and forearms has been observed in blacks wearing rubber gloves containing mono-benzoyl-ether of hydroquinone as antioxidant.

The spots usually appear spontaneously. However, cases have been encountered where depigmentation developed secondarily to certain other minor medical conditions such as bruises, bites of insects or even climatic changes. Nevertheless, it is important to emphasise that leucoderma is not contagious.

The texture of the affected skin is normal. The patches can appear on any part of the body.

To arrive at an understanding of the pathology of this disease, it is necessary to first know the mechanism of normal pigment production, as well as the factors which activate or inhibit melanin formation.

MECHANISM OF MELANIN FORMATION

Melanin is formed as an end-result of the hydroxylation of the amino-acid tyrosine by the action of the enzyme or catalyst, tyrosinase, a copper-protein complex normally present in the melanocytes, or melanin producing cells which are located in the skin, the retina, the iris and the meninges. Copper ions and Vitamin C are required to activate this enzyme as well as ultra-violet energy, which acts by decreasing the concentration of sulphydril groups in the skin that bind the copper and inhibit the activation of tyrosinase. Temperature also enhances the reaction.

The absence of copper ions and ascorbic acid as in copper or Vitamin C deficient diets, or the administration of sulfur containing compounds like thiouracil, which bind copper, inhibit tyrosinase and thereby melanin formation.

The system is also under the control of the endocrines. Conditions believed to be associated with increased activity of the pituitary (a gland situated in the brain), e.g. pregnancy or Addison's disease (in which both adrenals are destroyed), often show a marked increase in pigment formation, probably by secretion of a hormone named melanocyte stimulating hormone (MSH), which activates the formation of melanin by raising serum copper. Oestrogenic hormones also induce pigmentation of the nipple and areolae of the breasts.

On the other hand, adrenaline, the hormone secreted by the adrenals, particularly in stress, inhibits melanin formation by competing with it for the common precursors, viz. tyrosine and dopa, as well as locally, by controlling the concentration of sulfhydril groups in direct proportion at the site of melanin production. The adrenal hormones also act by opposing the pituitary and its MHS output.

The excessive activity of adrenergic nerve-endings (i.e. nerves secreting or releasing adrenaline), by causing local release of adrenaline or epinephrine, also induces depigmentation. This is one of the explanations for the localised foci of depigmentation seen in vitiligo.

The treatment of leucoderma by the present methods is not very successful. Copper injections and ultraviolet rays have been tried without satisfactory results.

Lately, "psoralens" extracted from the "bawchi" plant are being administered orally and locally, followed by calculated, progressively increasing exposure to sunlight in the early hours of the morning for about six weeks, to induce pigmentation of the vitiligenous areas. While this regime has given promising results in some cases, it has not proved effective in all cases. The toxic reactions to this drug too are many, including liver damage.

COSMETIC RESEARCH

Extensive research is therefore required to find the right mode of treatment for this condition. However, in the meanwhile, cosmetic research is also necessary to evolve a camouflage for the disfiguring patches. We are familiar with substances like mehndi or alta which give an altered colour to the dyed area of the skin for a few days or weeks, and also hair dyes. It might be possible, perhaps, to use one or more such dyes in combination to prepare a product that will confer the colour of a normal skin to the depigmented patches for a reasonable period.

Likewise, contact lenses made from photosensitive sunglass material in natural blue, green or brown shades and worn over the cornea would help to protect the eyes from the glare of the sun without dimming the vision substantially and also impart a natural colour to the iris in albinos. These persons would also do well to move about with sun hats and apply a soothing lotion to the exposed parts of the body at least in the tropics.

If only these ideas could be brought into practice, they would be a blessing to the countless numbers of sufferers from leucoderma in India and other tropical countries. The solution to their problem would be reduced to something as unbelievably simple as beauty treatment. After all, the issues is mostly a cosmetic one, so it would be quite logical if the answer to it were to be provided by the cosmetic industry.

Usha V. Padiyar

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YOUNG VIEWPOINT

A forum for young people to express their opinions, share news about their activities and get to know more about each other

PARENTS, OH!

From the time we enrol in kindergarten to the time we are drafted, we spend about 15 years yelling at a couple of creatures called Parents. It is however futile to yell at them because 1) they don't understand you; 2) they are not even listening; and 3) they are usually capable of yelling louder than you.

The worst about parents is that they are inconsistent. They believe in democracy, but don't allow you to voice an opinion in what you eat, wear, etc. They know what inflation is all about, but they don't know why you need an increase in allowance. They encourage you to drive, but they had better not catch you asking for the keys to the family car!

Like most other life forms, parents come in two genders: male and female. The female is the one who does not allow you to do anything you really want to. The male takes a more positive approach by saying: "ask your mother"!

Otherwise, Parents are usually alike — unreasonable, unsympathetic, uncooperative and unyielding. They always think they know what's good for you better than you do. Parents try to show they care for you by doing various things, like buying all kinds of awful-tasting stuff which is supposed to be good for you and punishing you "for your own good"!

The male parent usually takes a step at communicating with you. The subjects he enjoys discussing most during those heart-to-heart talks include your low marks in school, your poor record in sports and why you can't stand dentistry as a career. The subjects he seldom discusses with you include his losses at his weekly poker game, his bad game of golf, and his inability to give up smoking.

The female is the more unpredictable one. She wants you to learn music, but won't buy an electric guitar or a drum set. She tells your teacher you need special attention because you are sensitive, and then tears you to pieces in public for needing special attention because you are a stupid ox. She demands your help with the housework because you are already so big and then does not allow you to go out on your own because you are still so young!

Still, think of the terrible blisters you'd get from playing the guitar too long, and the electricity you'd waste for playing records all night long, if parents weren't around to emit that familiar order — "Stop that Noise!"

Poonam T. N.

STUDYING IS NOT ENOUGH

Language courses, street theatre, music societies, are some of the favourite leisure time activities of Delhi's youngsters

Movies, music, disco-dancing, indoor and outdoor sports occupy a lot of the average teenager's leisure hours. But a recent trend in Delhi is the college students' inclination towards learning foreign languages. We Indians, handicapped as it is, by our countless regional languages seem to find refuge in the pursuit of a foreign one. Among these, German and French are the ones which are most in vogue, closely followed by Italian and Russian. Some put their knowledge to use, most forget them in due course of time. Wherein lies the irresistibility of these courses?

After accumulating viewpoints of various students it seems that firstly, the lessons are very interesting. . . "great fun and different . . .we even use headphones." Also, the staff is efficient. The classrooms are air-conditioned and clean ("very different from our colleges"); The timings are short and anyone can spare an hour or two daily; the crowd, too, is decent. One student quipped: "The girls come here to meet their friends, the boys come because there are a lot of girls!" Yet another student perceived that most of the students in the study of a foreign language seem to be catering to their inborn "phoren phobia". Some students, a minority, are planning a trip abroad or intend taking up a job in a foreign firm. Whatever the reasons, the packed class-rooms are ample evidence of the increasing popularity of language courses, especially among the youngsters.

For the students who are interested in acting and the theatre, the entire campus is a stage. One of the most important theatre groups in the Delhi University is known as "Nigah", commonly referred to as street theatre. Plays are often enacted at Mandi House, the centre for art and culture of the budding young actors and dramatists. Recently they staged a play on the demerits of the atomic bomb. Recurrent themes, constantly enacted and re-interpretated are those concerning the concept of poverty. Another theatre group, more renowned, with a commercial slant and maturer than Nigah is "Ruchika". In most colleges of the Delhi Univ. there are theatre workshops where one can learn the intricacies of theatrical art. These workshops are becoming increasingly popular.

The natural progression from the world of acting is to the one of music. Music, the universal language of mankind has ensnared all, though, no doubt, tastes differ. For some it's rock; for others it's jazz; some love classical music; whereas yet others listen to popular Hindi numbers.

One of the best societies of music in Delhi is known as the "Spic Macay" society. This group promotes Indian music among the youth. Often lectures are held and demonstrations given by renowned artistes like Amjad Ali Khan and Birju Maharaj. Music-makers are present in all colleges of the Univ; they form their own beat groups and ape Western styles. Every year there are festivals on the campus where plays, and music competitions are held. Inter-college

Continued on page 61

A FILM FESTIVAL WITH A DIFFERENCE

Shabana Azmi in the angry climax of Shyam Benegal's "Ankur", one of the films to be shown and discussed at the festival.

Charu (Madhabi Mukherjee) and Bhupati (Sailen Mukherjee) in Satyajit Ray's "Charulata", to be screened at the festival.

Come October, 1980, there is to be a film festival in Delhi — but this time, it will be a film festival with a difference. It is to be part of an effort to gain a perspective of Indian women through a study of the media over the years. The cinema is an obvious first choice and, depending on the success and patronage the film festival enjoys, the organisers hope to go on to a festival of theatre and, perhaps, a festival of literature.

AN EFFORT TO GAIN A PERSPECTIVE OF INDIAN WOMEN THROUGH A STUDY OF THE MEDIA OVER THE YEARS — BEGINNING WITH CINEMA

One of the major objectives of the festival, which is to be completely no profit (and hopefully no loss), is to bring together individuals who are concerned about women's problems — both from within the world of cinema and from without. Together they will be exposed to a programme that highlights the position of Indian women as projected by the cinematic medium over the past few decades, and encouraged to participate in discussions on relevant issues that emerge from the programme.

The discussions will, it is hoped, be on several levels. The trend in the images of women in Indian cinema over the years as revealed through the screenings, as well as the trend seen in the current crop of "women's films" flooding the Hindi commercial film market will be discussed in the light of the condition and position of Indian women today, what it could/should be, and how the media can play in the process of change. An effort will be made to elevate the issues discussed from the merely "personal" to the "social" level.

The organisers say they would consider the project successful if, for one, they establish the need for more films on female-oriented themes with positive female roles (not just female-dominating roles) and, two, if they initiate a shift in both film-makers' and viewers' attitudes towards women. That is to say, to create a greater awareness among film-makers of the need to project more realistic portraits of women and to move away from the stereotyped **sati-savitri** or vamp syndrome that now predominates commercial Indian cinema, and to create among viewers an aware and critical consciousness vis a vis the portrayal of women in films.

The programme, to be held over four days, October 2 — 5, 1980, will include an audio-visual on the present-day mood of a cross-section of Indian women, a number of short films, and eight feature films made between 1937 and 1979. The films have been chosen for their thematic relevance as well as aesthetic excellence.

One short film and two feature films will be shown daily and the screenings will be followed by discussion on specific themes.

Film makers like Gulzar, Sai Paranjpye, Mrinal Sen and Girish Kasaravalli; film actresses such as Zeenat Aman, Shabana Azmi, Nargis Dutt and Smita Patil; film historians and critics like Haimanti Banerjee, Bindu Batra, Rami Chhabra, Amita Malik, Vina Mazumdar, Aruna Roy Vasudev, P. K. Nair, S. K. Sharma and Shiv Sharma; as well as social science researchers, academicians and women from other walks of life, including housewives, have been invited to participate in the discussions.

The festival, entitled "The Cinema and the Indian Women: A perspective, through the decades", is presented by the Alliance Francaise of Delhi and the India International Centre, Delhi. Meera Dewan, the originator of the idea, who has been trying to get it off the ground for some time without success, finally happened to meet Philippe Lenglet, the in-charge of the Cultural Section of the Alliance Francaise, Delhi. And things got started.

Together they wrote to film personalities in Bombay, from whom, to their surprise, they got heartening responses. The India International Centre agreed to allow the free use of their auditorium. A trip to Bombay and Pune established valuable contacts and Mr. Nair, Curator of the Film Archives, Pune, approved Meera's list of possible films to be screened, adding a valuable suggestion of his own. Although the festival would ideally have included films made by women, that was not possible, according to the organisers, for two reasons: first, there are few women behind the camera in India, and, second, the few women directors there are have not particularly focussed on women's issues or problems.

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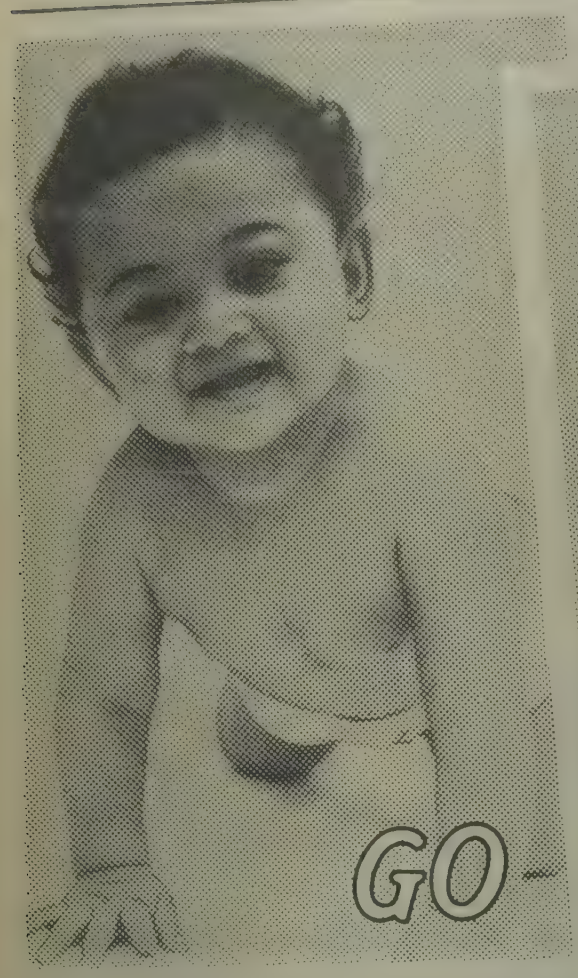

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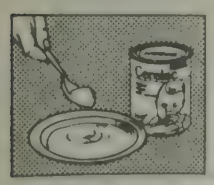
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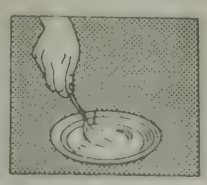
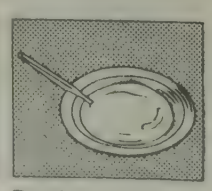

Mix and stir.


Ready to serve.

Is your baby 4 months? He now needs a well-balanced solid food for complete growth.

Cerelac—the nutritionally complete infant cereal food—is a delicious blend of cereal, full-cream milk and sugar that gives your baby all the nourishment vital to his growing needs.

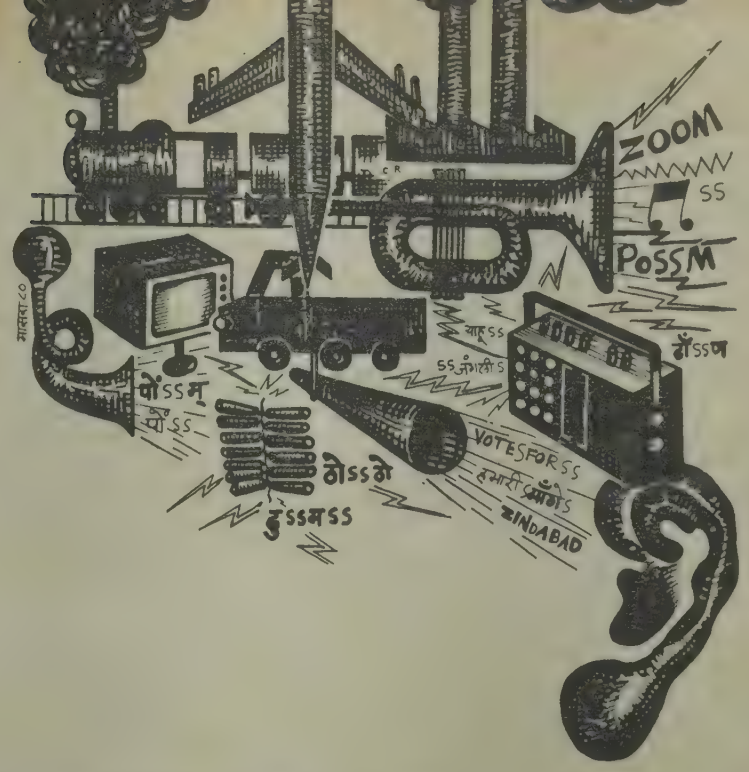
* The right balance of fats and carbohydrates to make your baby GO.
* Enough proteins to make your baby GROW.
* Extra vitamins and iron to make your baby GLOW.

NESTLÉ

SAA/FSL/C/1043 R

THE MOUNTING DECIBELS

Manohar B. Kher



Noise pollution pervades the entire city — in factories, mills, offices, trains, streets, schools, colleges and during festivals and functions — on every occasion and everywhere.

Statistics are available to show that 50 per cent of the pollution is due to vehicular traffic on the roads. The remaining 50 per cent is from factories, trains and aircrafts.

Noise has ill effect on health, efficiency, concentration and productivity thus leading to huge national loss.

What can you do to abate this noise as an individual?

Here are a few ideas :

1. Do not blow the horn of your car except when necessary.

2. Ask the driver of your car, truck, school bus, minibus, or any other vehicle, to use the horn sparingly. You must have observed your driver blowing the horn impatiently as soon as the traffic light changes to green (or amber) even if he is way behind other vehicles.

3. When you are first at the traffic signal, keep your car running so that you can start immediately, thus preventing a blare of horns from the rear.

4. If you are an organiser of any function see that you keep the volume of the loud-speaker low. Do not start playing film song records at 5 a.m.

5. Report to the police about loud-speakers and other noises.

6. Do not use loud horns in the city either for your car or for any other vehicle you own.

7. Educate your circle of friends about not making noise. Many of us do not know there are silence zones in Bombay. Make people aware of the ill effects of noise.

8. If you are a member or office bearer of any organisation spread the message, "Silence is golden."

9. If you are a manufacturer of motor cars, motor cycles, trucks, see that the horns are pleasant and not jarring on the ears.

10. Try to use material on your machinery, in your factories and offices by which noise can be reduced.

11. If you are in the advertising or communication line, you can use your medium (films, slides, newspapers, banners, slogans, drawing competitions) to spread the message.

12. The police authorities do not have sufficient policemen to catch all offenders. You should volunteer to report them.

13. Follow traffic rules. Don't overtake wrongly because it causes a traffic jam, delay and noise from all the traffic around.

14. When in a group meeting, do not speak loudly because it makes others speak still louder, and it tends to become a habit.

15. If there is a traffic hold keep in mind that someone's vehicle might have gone out of order. Don't start pressing on your horn with all your might. It only adds to the chaos.

16. Do not show off your wealth by extravagant display of fireworks during Diwali. There are better ways of spending that money.

17. Plant more trees. They will reduce noise and air pollution.

18. Discotheque music is loud and can make you deaf. Warn your adolescent children.

19. Get the exhaust pipe of your car checked.

THAT'S A LAUGH!

A cow-puncher ordered a steak at a restaurant. The waiter brought it in rare — very rare. The cow-puncher looked at it and demanded that it be returned to the kitchen.

"It's cooked," snapped the waiter.

"Cooked — nothing," replied the cow-puncher. "I've seen cows hurt worse than that and get well."

* * *

Insurance man (putting questions to cowboy): "Ever had any accidents?"

"Nope," was the reply.

"Never had an accident in your life?"

"Well a rattler bit me once."

"Well, wouldn't you call that an accident?"

"Nope — he bit me on purpose."

* * *

"Just got back from a trip round the world."

"Great. Did you stop off at Egypt?"

"Oh, yes."

"Go up the Nile?"

"Sure. Swell view from the top."

* * *

Guide (at ancient castle): "This is the moat. Any questions?"

American: "Yes. How, for God's sake, can a guy get one of those in his eye?"

* * *

Clergyman (to Mrs. Jones whose little son has just been christened): "Oh, Mrs. Jones, I've never seen a child that has behaved so well at a christening."

Mrs. Jones: "Well you see, it's because my husband and I have been practising on him with a watering can for a whole week."

* * *

Director: "Have you ever had any stage experience?"

Applicant: "Well, I had my leg in a cast once."

* * *

Friend: "Say, there's a bunch of people outside waiting to see you. Among them is a bishop who says he married you some time ago."

Film Actress: "Gee, I'm certain I never ever married a bishop."

* * *

"I'll have you know I'm a self-made man."

"Yes, I know. But who interrupted you?"

* * *

"So you're not going to Paris, this year?"

"No — it's London we're not going to this year. It was Paris we didn't go to last year."

Compiled by George Fegradoe

THE DUNES AND DREAMS OF RAJASTHAN

Hugh and Colleen Gantzer

Sandstone palaces, dignified camels and haunting melodies. The stark, bright, romance of the desert still lives in our own land

When we were very young, the world was very unknown and very romantic. Tarzan swung in Darkest Africa; sarongs swung in the South Seas; and sheiks swung into silken boudoirs and then galloped across the moonlit sands singing the Desert Song. Alas! Alack! That is all gone. Or is it? For though revolutions see-the in Africa, and civilization stalks the South Seas, and oil derricks have tamed the Bedouin, all is not lost.

The stark, bright, romance of the desert still lives in our own land. So pack your bags and enfold a close companion and head for the dunes and dreams of Rajasthan. You are about to voyage into a fairy tale.

The Great Indian Desert spreads broad and wide. Most of it is scrub-rough and sere, dotted with tiny bright villages; some of it is sand, a horizon-filling, dune-undulating, sea of sand; a rugged part of it is incredible fortified cities like pages torn from the Arabian Nights; all of it is romantic, valourous and fragrant with a sense of chivalry that demands a response.

We encountered it once on the road to Bikaner. The roads of Rajasthan are beautiful. They streak through the arid land from horizon to horizon and so your mind has time to relish the far-spaced villages, flare with the sudden flashes of people, dwell on the little tea-houses where highways meet like clashing swords. At one such crossing we stopped, stretched our cramped legs, sat on a rickety charpoy and sipped hot, stingingly-sweet, tea. We also topped up the car with much-needed water. Realising that this precious liquid had to be hauled from a great distance, we offered to tip our wayside host. His establishment was a metal-roofed shack, his shirt was torn, but his chivalry clothed him in untarnished honour. He shook his head at our proferred note, smiled and said: "Thank you, but no. . . I cannot take it. This is my **tarika**. . . this is my way."

And that, out in the sere waste land of Rajasthan, was our first encounter with the ways of the Desert People.

This fierce pride of the people of the desert built the city of Bikaner. Founded by Rao Bikar, son of Rao Jodha of Jodhpur, in 1488, the city rises on a walled eminence pierced by five gates. Entering through one of these gates, late in the evening, is to enter an era of Blood, Blades and Romance, as a friend of ours once termed it. We were lucky: we immersed ourselves in this atmosphere by staying in the dusty-rose sandstone palace of the Maharaja, part of which is now a hotel: Lalgarh. And, as an extra bonus, our shower-stall offered such a wide variety of sprays that we felt crisply refreshed when we emerged for dinner.

Early the next morning we followed legend and drove down the desert road to the white shrine of Deshnok. All legendary princes have a fairy godmother and Rao Bikar was no exception. A mystic lady of the bardic Charan clan, the revered Karni Mata, helped the prince found his city and this is her temple: a beautiful shrine, carved in white marble with a particularly exquisite window to welcome devotees. And before the grotto, where a blind carpenter carved her Durga form, hordes of rats live in protected harmony with her brightly-clad devotees. These sacred animals are believed to be the respositories of the souls of the Charan clan, spared descent into Yama's underworld, awaiting rebirth as humans in their next life.

The desert people have a deep rapport with the few animals that share their austere land. Back down the road to Bikaner and a little off it is the Camel Breeding Farm. Here yellow-turbaned **raikars** tend herds of dignified camels, grazing them on the thorn-scrub deserts early in the morning, penning them when sunset ripples the dunes with dusk. After some persuasion, one of us drank camel's milk, bracing our senses against its reputed goat-like, cloying, consistency: but it was neither goat-like nor cloying. It's light and sweet and tastes surprisingly like the better brands of baby food. And it is, apparently, so rich in goodness that its yoghurt literally trembles with life. Little wonder that the Rajasthanis are such an amazingly tough people.

But they also respond to the finer things of life. In the great Fort where **sati** hands embellished a towering entrance, we saw rooms as resplendent as miniatures; and high pavilions where ladies sat to be cooled by the chill night winds of Rajasthan; and a mirrored pleasure dome where graceful bodies are refracted and reflected in a kaleidoscope of fractured images and flickering lights till the senses blow in a medieval psychedelia.

We slept early with the images of Bikaner brightening our dreams and the moonlight bewitched swifts etching their

In a desert hut an Algoza musician plays his Pipes of Pan.

flight-lines across the silvered sky.

We left early the next morning because it is 330 km. to Jaisalmer and we had a long desert drive ahead of us.

The road lies die-straight across the desert and, just after we left Bikaner a warning sign read. "Check your petrol tank very carefully. Next petrol bunker 162 km. ahead."

We did, but, nevertheless, the guardians of travel writers must have guided us. Pausing for a photograph of a distant village we discovered we had a flat tyre. And when the tyre was being changed we heard the sound: the thin, double-reeded, beckoning of the Pipes of Pan. We walked, stumbled, ran across the arid, stone-roughened land. We stopped. Sitting in the dark door of a fine, mud-plastered hut was a man in a saffron turban weaving a silver-threaded harmony on the twin-fluted Algoza.

His melody haunted us all the way to Jaisalmer.

Jaisalmer is heraldic. Pointing like a guiding finger, the road lances through the scrub-land and there, framed in thorn trees, rises Jaisalmer: an entire hill, thrusting from the plain, covered in battlements, palaces, crazily winding streets, towering forts, facades as intricately carved as sandalwood screens.

Where shall we begin?

Shall we start at the beautiful tourist bungalow, built in Rajasthani style, where desert musicians sang the night away with their haunting, quavering instruments which merged with their voices which merged with their instruments?

Or shall we speak of the plain where they have the Desert Festival, backed by the embossed drama of embattled Jaisalmer?

Or shall we dwell on the courtesan who built a magnificent water-gate and challenged an entire city's access to their reservoir?

Or shall we whisper of the cruel moneylender who ensnared a kingdom in a darkly Grimm's fairy tale?

But we had come to see the desert, so we headed for the dunes: Sam's dunes, named after the village of Sam, not the Field Marshal!

These dunes are famous because they are stabilised: they don't shift and reform with changing winds. A camel ride to the top of the dunes and back can be arranged through the Rajasthan Tourism officials, and watch out for the odd-double-jointed rising and sitting of the animal, accompanied by stertorian grunts and bellows: camels don't like to sit down and they don't like to stand up! But they look striking in silhouette on the dunes at sunset.

Photographs : Gantzer

The rising towers and battlements of Jodhpur's Meherangarh Fort.

Brightly dressed villagers at the Pushkar Fair.

We returned to an excellent desert dinner of Chicken Suaeta (chicken cooked with **bajra**), Vegetable Kachar, Rajasthani Gattas (made of **besan**), Bhati and a sweet called Churma.

The next morning we jeeped into the rising, cobble-stoned city. Old Jaisalmer is magical, mysterious, magnificent. Boulders perch on the high battlements, poised for the destruction of enemies; brightly-dressed women walk, hip-swaying, through the narrow streets, spotlighted by sudden shafts of sunlight piercing the high **havelis**. Jaisalmer belongs, intact and entire, to some mythical, Scheherazade dreamscape.

So we shall not talk of monuments and legends. Go to Jaisalmer, experience Jaisalmer, and the legends and monuments will become yours for an

enriched lifetime. For Jaisalmer, according to many in Rajasthan, was a brigand's city thriving on the skill of its marauders and the strength of its kings.

The drive from Jaisalmer to Jodhpur was hot and dun-coloured and we woke from a dream of brigands and battles and suddenly had a great yearning for cool gold melons. And lo!. . . we told you this is fairy-tale country. . . a camel-cart appeared on the road laden with cool gold melons.

We were refreshed the rest of the way though we arrived when bright stars had sequinned the desert sky. We rested and woke for a crisp morning tour of this last fortress city.

Jodhpur is built of deep, mauve-red, sandstone and the Mandore cenotaphs, set in a beautifully green and watered garden, differ from the usual **chhatris** of Rajasthan. Here they are fashioned in such a variety of designs that one can, virtually, get a conducted tour of the sub-continent's temple architecture by walking around the memorials.

Jaswant Thada, the beautiful cenotaph of a more recent ruler, overlooks the city from its rocky perch and gazes up at the commanding citadel. Here we saw divinity in the making. The departed granter of boons is so revered that women who want a child tie a piece of cloth in front of his portrait and return convinced that their wishes will be granted.

But the highlight of our Jodhpur visit was the Meherangarh or old Fort. Crowning a steep and bare hill, it dominates Jodhpur as, indeed, it was meant to do. But though, today, there is no need to guard the state from belligerent princes, the Fort is still beautifully maintained and on the great cliffs on which it stands, birds of prey nest in vertiginous security. The shadow of one of these huge birds led us, slowly, up the ramp where royal musicians played a welcome on pipe and drum, past resting Western tourists, to the wind-whipped battlements of the cannon park where enormous guns thrust their snouts over the city, massed far below. The eagle's shadow hovered for a while and then the huge bird swooped down with a rustle of pinions and cruised slowly over the servient city.

Imprints of sati hands at the entrance to Bikaner's Junagarh Fort — a reminder of our gory past.

TRAVEL DATA

BIKANER

Airport:

Jaipur — 320 km.

There is an airport at Jodhpur — 240 kms., but IA flights have been discontinued and have not as yet been resumed.

Rail:

Yes

Road:

Delhi — 510 km. via Hissar; Jaisalmer — 330 km.

Accommodation:

Lalgarh Palace Hotel — Non A/C Full board S Rs. 150, D Rs. 210; Dhola-Maru Tourist Bungalow — Non A/C Room only S Rs. 30, D Rs. 40; other hotels near station S Rs. 5, D Rs. 8.

Places of Interest:

Junagarh Fort — timings: 9.30-17.00 — entrance: Rs. 2

Lalgarh Palace — timings: 9.00-18.00 — entrance: Re. 1

Museum — timings: 10.00-17.00 — entrance: 25 p.

Excursions:

Bhand Sagar Jain Temple — 5 km; Camel Breeding Farm — 10 km.;

Devi Kund — 8 km (royal cenotaphs); Gajner Wildlife Sanctuary — 32 km.; Deshnok — 33 km.

Festivals:

Kapil Muni Fair at Kolayat — November 18-26, 1980

Shopping:

Articles made of camel hide, carpets, leather goods and Bikaneri Sev.

JAISALMER

Airport:

Jaipur — 650 km.
Jodhpur — 290 km. — see note under Bikaner

Rail:

Yes.

Road:

Jodhpur — 290 km; Bikaner — 330 km.

Accommodation:

Moomal Tourist Bungalow — A/C S Rs. 50, D Rs. 60, non-A/C S Rs. 30, D. Rs. 40, Hotel-Jaisal Castle — non-A/C S Rs. 30, D. Rs. 40; Desert Inn — Non A/C S Rs. 6, D Rs. 10.

Places of Interest:

Fort, Jain Temples, Gyan Bhander or Library, Gadi Sagar Tank, Salim Singh ki Haveli, Patwon ki Haveli, Nathmal ki Haveli.

Excursions:

Amar Sagar — 6 km; Lodruva, ancient capital of Jaisalmer, site of legend of Moomal & Mahendra — 15 km; Sam Sand Dunes — 41 km; Wood Fossil Park, Akal — 17 km.

Festivals:

Desert Festival — February 16-18, 1981.

Shopping:

Embroidery and mirror work, rugs, blankets, shawls, stone work and silver jewellery.

We retraced our steps and entered the vast rooms of the Fort. Here is a museum of exquisite excellence. This is a work of joy, dedication and impeccable taste. The Director. . . sabre tough, glasses, perky military moustache. . . has recreated an entire era, with love. Every room, every object, was exactly where it should be: in the women's chambers, where filigreed

JODHPUR

Airport:

Has an airport but at present no IA flights operating. Udaipur — 275 km.

Rail:

Yes.

Accommodation:

Umaid Bhawan Palace — A/C S Rs. 165, D Rs. 240, Ghoomar Tourist Bungalow — A/C S Rs. 50, D Rs. 60, Nan A/C S Rs. 30, D Rs. 40; Adarsh Niwas Hotel — Non A/C S Rs. 12, D Rs. 17.

Places of Interest:

Mandore Gardens, Meherangarh Fort, (timings : 9.00-17.00 entrance: Rs. 5 for complete museum with guide and Rs. 3 for part of it without guide) Jaswant Thada (near Fort), Umaid Bhawan Palace (part open for visitors — entrance: Rs. 2 — timings: 9-00-17-00), Umaid Gardens, Zoo and Museum (Museum fee: 30 p. timings: 10-00-17.00), Mahamandir Temple, Balsamand Lake and Palace.

Excursions:

Sardar Samand Lake and Palace — 55 km; Osian — 58 km; Nagaur, famous for its murals and cattle fair — 135 km.

Festivals:

Nag Panchami — August 5, 1981.

Coach Tours:

Local sightseeing coach tours are run daily by the Rajasthan Tourism Development Corporation — timings: 8.30 to 1.00 and 2 p.m. to 6.30 p.m., fee: Rs 10; contact Tourist Officer, Tourist Bungalow, Tel: 21900.

Shopping:

Tie and dye, zinc (Badla) water bottles & embroidered shoes.

PUSHKAR

Airport:

Jaipur — 142 km.

Rail:

Ajmer — 11 km.

Accommodation:

Pushkar Tourist Bungalow or dharamshalas. Ajmer Tourist Bungalow Khadim — A/C S Rs. 50, D Rs. 60 to dormitory at Rs. 5.50 per head.

Festivals:

November 18-22, 1981.

Shopping:

Decorative camel trappings and village handicrafts.

GENERAL

The best season to visit Desert Country is between November and February. Common festivals throughout Rajasthan are:

Holi — March 20, 1981

Gangaur — April 7 and 8, 1981

Teej — August 2, 1981

For further information contact:

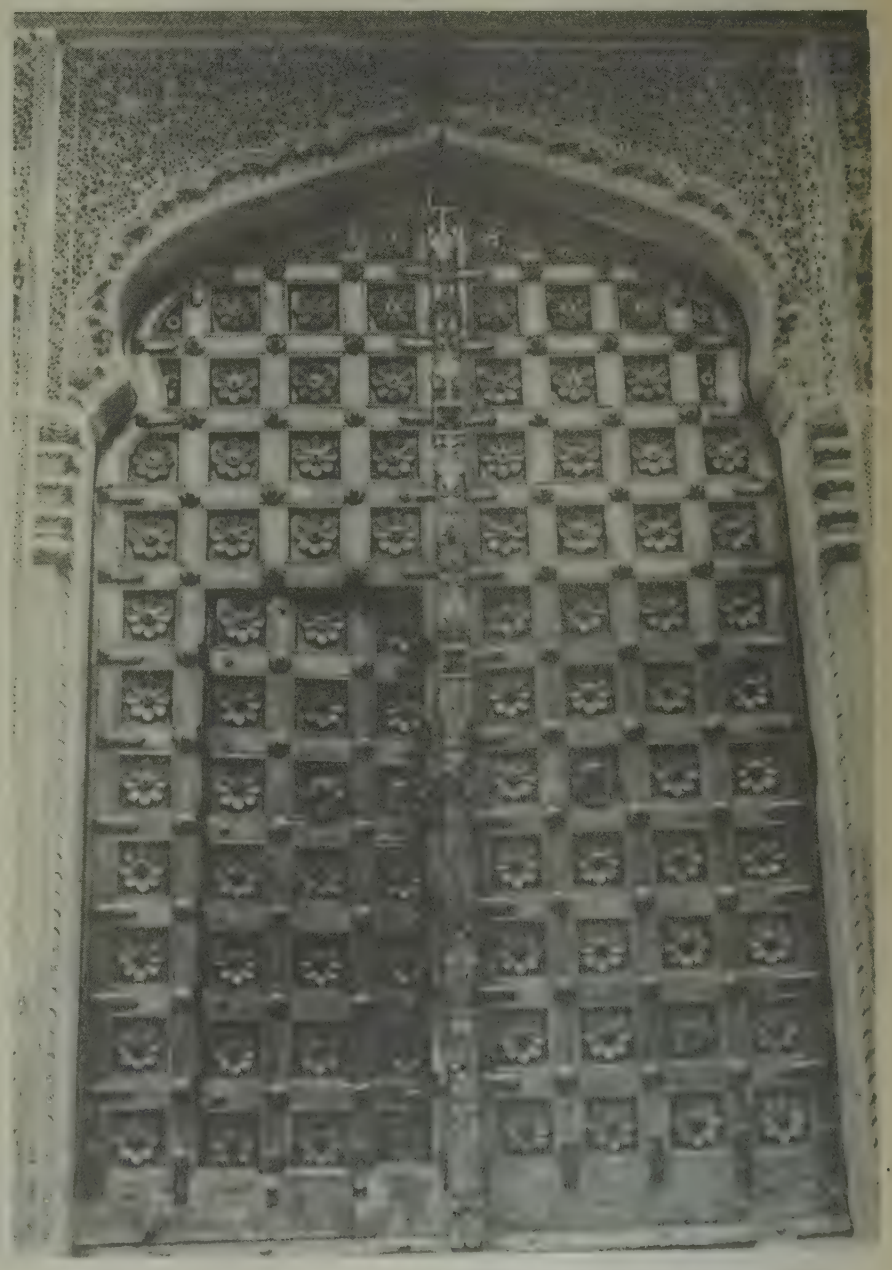
The Director of Tourism,
100 Jawahar Lal Nehru Marg,
Jaipur.

windows overlooked the courtyard, the royal cradles stood, gleaming with lacquer, satin and velvet; the display of weapons was stark, emblazoned and martial; and we saw a display in the making. Carpenters sawed and hammered and polished in the musical room, where the soft authentic tones of ancient instruments would enrich their gently lit display.

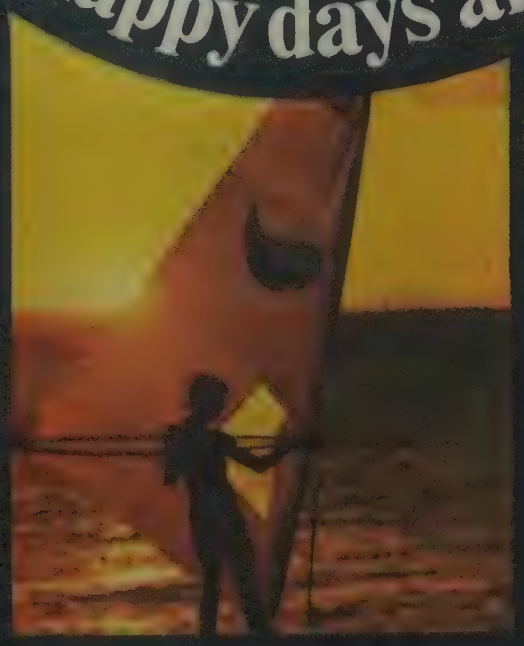
In marked contrast, however, is the spreading mass of Umaid Bhawan Palace, now being run by the ITC. It is a vast and rather atmosphere-filled edifice done in the Grand Hotel opulence of the pre-World War II style: enormous murals; mirror-walls in the bedrooms; marble tubs, shower stalls, wash basins. And a musical fountain. In an upper storey roofed court, a thin jet of water falls into three successive crystal flower basins: and as each drop touches each crystal flower, the crystals tinkle with a delightful musical-box clarity. We also learnt that on certain festivals the Palace becomes a pilgrimage spot for the villagers; and, occasionally, rural folk even drink the water of the basement swimming pool and rub it on their heads... sacred **kunds** come in many shapes and sizes.

But the most spectacularly sacred of Rajasthan's holy lakes is Pushkar. Here, according to one of the legends, Brahma landed in his **vimana** and had to do a **puja.** As all important pujas required the presence of a wife, and Saraswati wasn't around, the Creator took a local Banjara girl in marriage and all was well. In commemoration of that, and sundry other auspicious events, the Pushkar Fair is held every year around the lake just outside Ajmer. Thousands of Banjaras, decked in the most dazzling skirts and blouses, and turbans, and head-shrouding capes, congregate around this lake in autumn; and they bring their tents and their camels and their cattle, and camp in the desert. Then, at the auspicious hour, they plunge into the lake and wash themselves of their sins in an uninhibited annual baptism. The Pushkar gathering is also an enormous and enormously vivid cattle fair, which lasts throughout the desert day. But in the cool of the night, under the chill silver Pushkar moon, the people of the desert sing and dance to the legends of a time that was, and is, and will always be, nestling softly among the dunes and dreams of old Rajasthan.

The magnificent carved front door of Jaisalmer's Nathmalji Ki Haveli.



Happy days are here again...



Everybody is
feeling great
on Thums Up.

Thums Up

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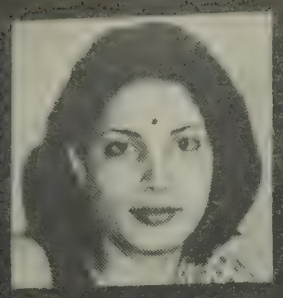
This year, you'll find our OCM range of suitings way ahead of the others. In fabric. Quality. Feel, fall and drape...and of course, the colours and designs. And you'll also find OCM suitings more versatile and fashionable than ever before.

And it shows.

OCM

SUITINGS



Vera Vora, Senior Manager in a multi-crore advertising agency. Responsible for getting the best value for her clients budgets. Travel is her passion-shes seen half the world twice. She demands only the best for her clients and herself.

When I want bathroom accessories there's just one brand I buy

because:
I want my bathroom to look pretty.
I want a full choice of matching accessories.
I want my money's worth.
I want to buy the best.

"I trust Brite"

Don't just buy plastic. Buy *Brite*

GO CREATIVE ON HOLIDAYS TOO!

Homi Kharas

Most photographers shoot like mad when holidaying, and naturally so because there is such a lot of action around. Snapshooting opportunities abound.

When you have shot action to your heart's content go to some more secluded part of the resort, preferably just after sunrise. The shadows are nice and long at this early hour.

If you happen to be by the sea, watch the waves, the sand-dunes, the rock formations, the fishing nets strung out to dry. They present pictorial possibilities galore. There is no need to introduce the human element at all. Just by themselves these settings are ample material for you. All you need is the seeing eye to compose your pictorial poems.

Here are two photographs to give you an idea of the possibilities. The lacy waves gliding over the shore were shot from a hillock. I watched the waters lapping the shore again and again before I found the pattern just right for clicking. For my second picture I had to arrange the folds of the net till it looked like a tiptoeing dancer.

A woman
expresses herself
in many languages.

Vimal is
one of them.

VIMAL
A RELIANCE PRODUCT
100% Polyester Sarees

rika & Shemona Queen.

Mudra

THE STORY SO FAR

ONE: Aldona Mayhew was the only daughter of Roland Mayhew, who worked as accountant in Sebastian Thackeray Limited. His recent marriage to Barbara, with whom Aldona has not established rapport, had made her move out to a flat of her own. One day, on a visit to her father to tell him her engagement to Guy Stinton, another employee in the same firm, was broken off, she met Lionel Downs, an accountant in her father's office, sitting in the living room. Lionel told her in confidence that there was a shortfall of two thousand pounds in the company accounts and attributed the loss to her father. He then made her a proposition. If she agreed to go away to Malta with him for a fortnight, he would make good the missing sum and protect Roland Mayhew. Aldona agreed. In Malta, she met a young man called Zeb, who seemed to take more than a passing interest in her and Lionel.

Their first night together was a fiasco. Lionel Downs got dead drunk in the company of a pair of reprobates called Eddie and Rosie. He passed out in the bar, was carried to bed and was still out cold next morning. Aldona escaped gratefully to the beach, only to be confronted by an angry Zeb, who accused her of trying to pass off as Lionel's wife in the hotel register. He asked her how much she was being paid for her favours and said he could outbid Downs. Humiliated, Aldona fled to her room, only to find Lionel awake and demanding. Unable to stand his pawing, she told him she wanted out. He offered to let her go scot free if she paid him three thousand pounds. Escaping from his clutches, she sought refuge on the above and came face to face with Zeb, who arrogantly offered to buy her off for the amount. The two cheques Zeb gave her were dutifully handed by her to Downs and she moved into Zeb's room to find herself in a worse predicament.. A migrane attack saved her from Zeb's overtures. When she woke next morning, Zeb was not in the room. Taking advantage of this opportunity, she escaped from the hotel and took a plane to London.

NOW READ ON. . .

ALDONA had been back in her flat for a good ten minutes before she dared give her first sigh of relief and it was another hour before the tensions that had held her in their grip let go, and she was able to realise she had really pulled it off. During the afternoon, she rang up Mrs. Armstrong at the nursery and said her trip was off and she could report back for work. Later she visited her father and Barbara and told them that the engagement between Guy and her was off, something she had not been able to tell them last time. They were surprised to see her. She explained she had not been able to go to her friend Hilary, as planned, as they were shorthanded at the place where she worked.

The news of her broken engagement didn't seem to surprise them. In fact her father said at once, "I know."

"You know?" she replied. She hadn't thought Guy would have told him but he must have done.

"Lionel Downs told me you'd broken your engagement when he came back from giving you a lift last Wednesday," he explained.

"I meant to tell you myself," she said, "but somehow. . . couldn't. . .. that day. . ."

"Guy wasn't the right man for you," said her father.

"Wasn't the right man." Aldona gasped. "But I thought you liked him?"

"You're much too good for him," concluded Roland Mayhow with a father's characteristic overstatement.

The remainder of the week followed its normal course. At the end of it, remembrances of Malta were growing dimmer, though it was strange how easily she recalled every feature of Zeb's face. Well you wouldn't forget, would you? she told herself; after all she owed him three thousand pounds!

It was on a Sunday, two weeks after her hasty exit from Malta that there was a knock on her door around six o'clock in the evening. That sick feeling that had hoped never to feel again began to gnaw at her insides when she saw that her caller was Lionel Downs.

He started to enlighten her straight away. "You owe me, girlie," he said. "Those cheques you gave weren't met."

"Weren't met?" she added hoarsely. "You mean — you mean he didn't have three thousand pounds in the bank?"

"He's got more money than he'll ever need," said Lionel Downs belligerantly. "It isn't that the money isn't there. He just decided to instruct the bank to stop payment." She stared at him. "I want my money back," he cried. Either cough up — in cash this time, or your old man goes for the high jump."

"No. . ." she said hoarsely.

"All right, girlie," he continued relentlessly. "Perhaps I am pushing it a bit for you. Find yourself another sucker to sell yourself to. I'll give you till midnight on Tuesday. Here's my home number — when you have the money, just ring through."

PART THREE

PRICE TO BE MET

Jessica Steele

(Published by Mills and Boon Limited, London, Australian Copyright Jessica Steele 1980)

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Later, when he had gone, she paced up and down the way she had done when this whole wretched business had begun, but her mind hit a brick wall everytime she tried to find a way out of this second crisis. As the hands of her watch neared seven o'clock that night, Aldona knew there was nothing for it but to see her father. She must at least give him some warning that there was trouble ahead. But she was in for a surprise.

She walked into the living room of her father's house and came face to face with a man she had never expected to see again. . . Zeb. "This is my daughter, Mr. . ." her father started to say. only to find no introduction was necessary. Zeb cut in smoothly, "We've met."

Aldona nearly died. She was half-turned from her father, who was exclaiming, "You've met?"

"It was. . ." Zeb paused deliberately, she thought, as sweat broke out on her brow, "at the Nightingales party, wasn't it, Aldona?"

If he'd said, King Kong's party, she'd have agreed.

"Y-yes, that's right," she said, knowing he was all set to make her hair stand on end with fright at every half-said sentence.

"How are you?" he asked, with a politeness one might use to a person met casually at a party. "You managed to get home without too much difficulty, I trust?"

"I took a taxi," she gabbled quickly.

"I could have brought you home, had you told me you wanted to go," said Zeb artfully. As soon as she possibly could, she made an excuse about having a date and escaped from the house.

She hadn't gone very far when she became aware that a virtually silent car was being driven slowly beside her. She stopped walking. The car stopped too. The passenger door was pushed open from the inside. The invitation to get in was inevitable, she realised. Inevitable, too, was the knowledge that Zeb wanted some sort of explanation from her She took the two paces required and got into the car. She said not a word. Zeb said nothing either until he had leaned over and pulled her door closed. Then he said, "You put on a good act, I'll grant you that. Timed asking for three thousand just right, didn't you, you little cheat?"

"Cheat?" she echoed.

"That's what I said. Cheat," he repeated. "Wouldn't you say it was cheating to take money for services rendered, and then not render those services?"

Nausea fled as her temper snapped. "Me a cheat!" she gasped.

"And what do you think you are?"

She was too angry then to reason that it was she who had cancelled their contract by running out on him. "You lost no time in cancelling those cheques, did you? You know as well as I that — that. . ." Her voice trailed off as Zeb gave her a look of such fierce fury, she thought he was going to hit her. He grabbed hold of her arm, his fingers biting into her. "So you've seen the delightful Lionel since he returned from his holiday?" he stormed.

"I have seen him since he came back," she admitted.

"You've been to bed with him again!"

THE MORE SHE TRIED TO ESCAPE FROM THIS NIGHTMARISH SITUATION, THE MORE COMPLICATED IT BECAME, UNTIL THE EXPOSURE SHE DREADED SEEMED INEVITABLE

"No. I haven't", she flared. "And for your information, I never did go to bed with him."

"Like hell you never did!" he roared. and she just knew she could swear it on a stack of Bibles and he wouldn't believe her. "Downs gave you his cheque before you went away with him, didn't he? He'd expect full payment for his money and I know for a fact that you spent one night at least with him in Malta. There were probably other nights too before you got as far as Malta."

"Well, at least his cheque was honoured," she snapped.

"Did you honestly think I wouldn't stop payment on my cheques?" he asked. "You're not as sharp as you would have one believe if you thought that, Miss Mayhew. I paid an exorbitant price for what you were offering and, let me tell you, no one defrauds me without me getting even." That had an ominous ring that made her insides quail. But what he had to say next was so mind-blowing that for several seconds, she just couldn't take it in. "Not even," he went on, his tone unbearably superior, "a little trollop my step-father knew first."

"Step-father?" She had to swallow before adding faintly, "Are you saying that — that Lionel Downs is your step-father?"

"You didn't know?" Zeb asked surprised.

"No," she replied.

"My mother married him two years ago," he said flatly. As he drove to her flat, he told her details. How he had followed Lionel Downs to Malta, wanting to protect his mother from the heartless brute she had married. "I was sure he would have some woman in tow," he said, "so I wanted to have a look at her and obtain concrete evidence to give my mother so that she could divorce him."

"Divorce him?" Aldona felt faint. "You mean . . ." Oh no. If being persecuted for fraud didn't kill her father, then seeing her named in a divorce action would — regardless of what it would do to her.

"You'll make a beautiful co-respondence, Aldona," Zeb said pleasantly. and it was all she could do not to grab hold of him and beg him not to use her.

"I didn't sleep with him, I didn't," she told him urgently.

"Please, please Zeb, believe me!"

"You were Mr. and Mrs. in the hotel register," he reminded.

"Yes — I know. But. . . Oh Zeb! It will kill my father. He has a bad heart. It will . . ."

"It's a bit late in the day to remember that, isn't it?" he said roughly. Then when he saw her becoming a wreck.

"Relax," he said. "I didn't tell my mother."

"You..." Words just wouldn't come.

"You and I, Aldona Mayhew, seem to have something in common." She was unable to think of a thing.

"We both seem to have a parent we can't bear to cause pain to," he said.

Her relief paramount, she wanted to thank him for keeping quiet, but he seemed to have done with the matter.

"Sebastian Thackeray," he supplied, and while she was nearly dropping with shock, he got out of the car to see her to the door. Her legs felt weak. She found herself stammering.

"My — my father works for you."

"I know," he replied, authoritatively.

He didn't stop at her door, however, but went into her modest flat, looking at the inexpensive furnishings in surprise. "What exactly," he asked slowly, his grey eyes refusing to let hers go, "did you spend the money on that Downs gave you?"

She couldn't answer that.

"I would have thought," he went on, "that apart from the rake off you got from Downs, your other admirers would have been generous enough for you to have 'feathered your nest' more in the style suitable to the sort of female you are." He was being deliberately insulting.

"Clothes," she said defensively. And when he looked down at her modest and economical outfit. "I bought a fur coat, but it isn't here. I lent it to my step-mother."

He looked at her disbelieving. There was something in his eyes, she didn't understand. They would go demented. The next moment she felt his hands on her, felt her spine melting at his touch. Her arms came up and around him when he pressed his body closer. She faltered and pulled her mouth away from him. gasping, her eyes opening, her startled look surprising him into taking his roving hands away.

"Oh Zeb," she cried, and it seemed to come from the very heart of her, her bewilderment at all that had happened, and most of all surprise that he could make her want him.

"I want you," he muttered quickly. God help me, Aldona, you've done something to me." And then he was pushing her away, looking every bit as though he hated himself for the very thought. She knew then that he had mastered his desire for her, and felt cold without his arms around her. She had the clear impression that he would leave her now. But what was she to do with the torrent he had unleashed in her heart?

"You want me?" she asked, wanting to fan that passion to life again. Zeb looked her over and she thought she saw a flicker of desire in his eyes. "You know that much," he said.

"You could. . ." The thought of what she was about to say made the words stick in her throat. Her hands were moist. She thought of the deadline Downs had given for the delivery of three thousand pounds and she said, like a fool, "You could still have . . .me if. . . if. . ." He grew still as he caught the implication.

"Are you asking for. . .three thousand pounds?" he cried suddenly, "in return for. . ." In a stride he was near her, cupping her chin in a grip that threatened to break her jaw.

Then very slowly he ground out. "You disgust me!" He pushed her away with such force that she lost her balance and fell backwards on the settee. The door was still reverberating from the crash with which he had slammed it behind him. But Aldona was past caring. She felt cheap — dirty — and further away from saving her father than ever. Now she would never be able to give Downs the three thousand pounds demanded by midnight of Tuesday.

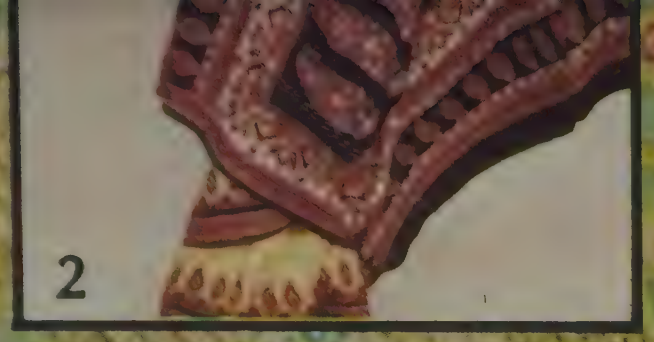
To be continued

BRIGHT, BRIGHT 'N PRETTY!

The favourites of fashion this festive season are sarees that are light, bright and practical, which are easy to drape, sparked with a touch of glitter to enhance the festive look. They're all the rage now — colourful, radiant with zari embroidery. The velvet embossed print has a snazzy, eye-catching quality and a stunning impact.

And for that special occasion which calls for a real gorgeous look, what can equal a fully embroidered ghagra-choli set? You look gorgeous, bound to be the centre of attention. And these heart warming items are available at prices you can easily afford. So pick up the newest from the wide range of sarees to bring the festive glamour to your wardrobe.

Courtesy: Vaishali Saree Emporium, Marine Drive, Bombay.



Photographs : Taiyeb Badshah

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1: Timeless elegance — two practical sarees in vivid jewel tones of turquoise and pink, have the new velvet embossed print in white with a touch of a contrasting colour.

2: A saree to wear for social gatherings — a satin silk in beige with a traditional paisley printed pallav in black and magenta.

3: Be a glamorous hostess in this stunning yellow American georgette saree. Delicately embroidered at the pallav and skirt edge in scallops of cut-work, perked-up with appliqued flower motifs in white and yellow.

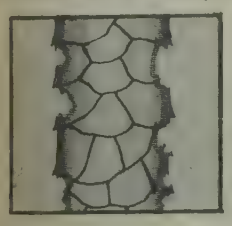
4: For the bride to be — a gorgeous ghagra-choli set. Colourful, glowing with encrusted filigree zari embroidery. The embroidery repeats on the dupatta.

5: A gorgeous saree to light up the festive scene! A saree from Benaras with its magnificent broad woven border, zari-kissed all over in a swirly pattern. Traditional paisleys accentuate the pallav.

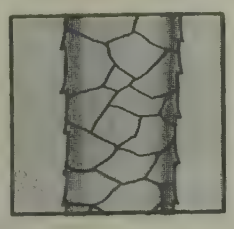
Lakmė presents India's first shampoo with protein conditioner...

Restores and maintains hair health and lustre.

Now for the first time, a two-in-one shampoo. Lakmé Shampoo is scientifically blended with a special protein conditioner. Most shampoos wash away natural oils and moisture. They attack the hair shaft creating tiny pits and holes to leave hair dull and limp.



Hair surface damaged with pits and holes.



Hair shaft repaired by Lakmé conditioning action.

Lakmé Shampoo acts in two beautiful ways. The conditioner fills in the holes with rejuvenating protein. It also deposits a protective protein coating on each hair shaft to add bulk and gloss.

Lakmé Shampoo gently lubricates each hair strand with non-greasy emollients which wash off easily and leave hair flexible, easy to manage and tangle-free. Less hair loss in combing. And the perfume. Exquisite. Lasts and lasts.

Available only in Bombay & Pune

Lakmé Beauty & Egg Shampoos

In exclusively designed bottles of 60 ml. & 120 ml.

Ideal pH balance formula cleans beautifully while it repairs damaged hair.

pH is the natural chemical balance between alkalis and acids. Most ordinary shampoos are too alkaline. They swell the hair's outer layer (cuticle) making it brittle and dull.

Lakmé Shampoo has a scientifically perfected pH balance. Not too alkaline. Not too acid. Just right. It shrinks the swollen cuticle and repairs the hair shaft making it stronger and healthier. Change to Lakmé Shampoo now for radiantly healthy hair. Don't suffer hair damage another day.

Lakmé

daCunha-L-64

Underrated, if noticed at all, women's contributions to society have nevertheless been considerable. Spotlight on women achievers.

JAYA ARUNACHALAM

A BETTER DEAL FOR WOMEN

"If the position of women is to be improved and women's issues are to be tackled, women's groups are essential, and can be more effective than individual representatives; women's movements are necessary and not just small organisations. It is only such movements that will do away with the discrimination which women suffer inspite of their hard work and valuable contribution to national life in all countries," says Mrs. Jaya Arunachalam, agriculturist, writer, journalist, and social worker, at the start of this interview.

When I went to meet her she was very busy discussing matters with the committee members of the Working Women's Forum of which she is the President.

Jaya Arunachalam is not yet a name on the national scene like Ela Bhatt or Mabel Arole, the Magsaysay award winners. But she belongs to the same genre of committed workers who are quietly transforming the face of society around them. Jaya Arunachalam's work in Madras is very similar to Ela Bhatt's in helping self employed women at the grassroots through collectivism and provision of credit which is a primary need. The Working Women's Forum which she initiated as a well defined group in April 1978 has in two years built up a membership of 5000 women belonging to the lower economic strata.

"I strongly believe that women are the potent and powerful agents of social change. The women are mobilised to secure a better deal for themselves," says Mrs. Arunachalam. The members of the Working Women's Forum are women living in the slums of Madras engaged in work that varies from vending vegetables to manufacturing bidis and plastic flowers, to running small way-side tea shops. Altogether, the women are engaged in 63 different trades earning an average of Rs. 5 per day. Their life is a constant misery with an average 17 hour work day, as they juggle their economic and family roles in the most pitiable circumstances.

Mrs. Arunachalam has only been a catalytic agent in bringing together a number of women leaders and organisers from among the slum dwellers of Madras. All the office bearers and members of the Forum's governing body are slum dwellers. Altogether there are six full time workers and each slum locality has got a group leader.

An initial survey of the conditions of these women revealed that their most serious handicap was lack of even small capital of Rs. 100 to 300 to carry on their work. Because of the unorganised character of their work the women are open to all kinds of exploitation and pressures. So the first issue the Working Women's Forum took up was to persuade two of the nationalised banks to give loans to stabilise the women economically. The group leader and the Forum stand surety. To date more than 2000 women have benefited, receiving loans amounting to Rs. 2.5 lakhs. Mrs. Arunachalam is satisfied that the repayments have been made regularly and many have cleared the original loan and have been able to secure a loan for double the amount for expanding their businesses.

Jaya Arunachalam with foreign delegates at the Working Women's Forum.

Alongside tackling various civic problems of the members like securing platforms for them in the market, toilet facilities and protection from police and Municipal harassment, the Forum has solved another major problem of its members, the schooling of their children. Even though the children are admitted in Corporation schools, the Forum has organised 20 centres for special classes and is running 100 Adult Literacy centres.

Yet another area in which the Working Women's Forum has made a sterling contribution is in creating a climate for inter-caste marriages. More than 200 marriages were solemnised through the Forum.

The members of the Forum are now clamouring to have a bank of their own. Each member is willing to contribute a sizeable amount as her share.

Mrs. Arunachalam apart from being the President of the Working Women's Forum is also keenly interested in farming and is raising sugarcane, paddy and dry crops like millet and onion on her farms at Madural. She mobilises the farmers and farm youth and women to participate in the programmes for the uplift of rural areas. In this connection, she has conducted a number of training camps to enrich their knowledge of farming and management techniques, poultry and horticulture. She is also a member of the Standing Finance Committee of the Indian Council for Agricultural Research, New Delhi.

Mrs. Arunachalam also runs a hostel for working women of the middle income group in the heart of Madras. She was the Chairman of FAO Council conference in 1975 at Rome. She has visited Malaysia as a delegate to the World Tamil Conference and presented a paper on "Contribution of Women to Tamil Literature." As a Farm leader she has visited the U.S.

A member of the State Harijan and Tribal Welfare Advisory Committee, Mrs. Arunachalam runs a home for needy children in the rural areas, in a Madras surburb. She also runs a printing press for physically handicapped women. As Director of the Repatriate Co-operative Finance and Development Bank she is sincerely working for the rehabilitation of Burma and Ceylon repatriates through employment programmes.

Jaya Arunachalam is a writer too. She has written Nehru's autobiography in Tamil and translated a number of books from English to Tamil. She is a producer of musical ballets promoting national and international integration.

Each city town and village has to find its Ela Bhatt or Jaya Arunachalam.

Shanti Gopalan

When life needs brightening up...

MERCURY PAINTS

THE BONELESS WONDER!

Premila Lal

A delightful way of serving a quick meal to the family after a long and tiresome day is to dish out sizzling hot flavours out of ready and easily available minced meat. Meat being the favourite main dish of a meal, will be welcomed heartily by the family whichever way you cook it. Simple and easy to cook, mince will give you matchless flavours whether cooked plain, transformed into a delicious pie or used as stuffing for various vegetables. Mince patties and kababs are easily manageable at picnics and make wonderful and appetising packed luncheons, just put together between two slices of bread.

So, try them for family feasting and have fun!

MINCED MEAT POTATO PIE

250 grams minced mutton
2 onions, sliced
250 grams green peas
2 tomatoes, chopped
Ghee
30 grams cheese, grated
8 potatoes (boiled)
2 eggs
1 tsp. breadcrumbs

GRIND TOGETHER TO A PASTE:

1 piece ginger
2 cloves garlic, flaked
2 red chillis
1 small piece fresh coconut

Fry the sliced onions in ghee, add the masala paste and then the minced mutton. Add the tomatoes and the green peas. Fry together for two minutes and add water. Cook till the minced meat is ready. Grease an ovenproof dish and put half of the prepared minced mutton in it. Then mash the boiled potatoes and spread on the mince. Over this spread the remaining mince. Sprinkle the grated cheese. Cover with breadcrumbs. Break the eggs on top. Bake in a moderate oven till the eggs set. Serve with lemon slices.

Photograph : Taiyeb Badshah

KHEEMA STUFFED ONIONS

6 large onions
200 grams minced mutton
1 tsp. chilli powder
1 tsp. garam masala
½ tsp. mixed coriander and cummin seed powder
Salt to taste
2 tsps. butter
½ cup cheese, grated
1 tsp. brown sauce

Grind the meat very finely. Place to cook with the spices and enough water till tender. Meanwhile peel onions and place in a large saucepan with enough water to cover and half teaspoon of salt. Bring to boil, reduce heat and simmer covered for half an hour. Drain and cool. Scoop out the centres with a spoon, leaving several outer layers as a shell. Chop the scooped out onion and mix with the cooled meat. Add a spoon of brown sauce, if desired, and one tablespoon of chopped coriander leaves. Mix in two tablespoon of grated cheese and fill the onion shells with the mixture, mounding it high. Place the onions in a baking tray and pour half cup of water around them. Put in a moderate oven (350°F) for twenty minutes. Sprinkle top with the rest of the grated cheese and bake for another ten minutes. Serve with mashed potatoes.

STUFFED CAPSICUM

6-8 capsicums
2 cups cooked rice
1 cup minced meat
2 tbsps. raisins
1 tomato, chopped
1 onion
2 cloves garlic, flaked
2-3 green chillis
Salt and pepper

Cut off the stalks of the capsicums. Remove all the seeds and pith. Chop the garlic, onion, green chillis, and a tablespoon of coriander, if desired. Mix with the rice. Add to this the raisins, tomatoes, meat and seasoning. Fill the capsicums with this mixture. Fit back the stalks to cork in the mixture. Brush the capsicums with oil or ghee and place in a shallow baking pan. Pour water or stock to quarter the level of the capsicums. Cover and bake for about half an hour in a moderate oven.

MEAT BALLS IN CURD

400 grams beef
400 grams pork
150 grams liver
1 onion
1 slice bread, soaked in milk
2 eggs
2 tbsps. coriander leaves
2 green chillis, finely chopped
1 tsp. chilli powder
2 tsps. brown sauce
1 cardamom, crushed
½ tsp. garam masala
Dash of salt
1½ cups thick curd
1 tbsp. flour (maida)
2 tbsps. butter
2 tbsps. celery, finely chopped
6 cups stock

Mince the beef, pork and liver through a grinder twice. Squeeze out the bread and add to the mince. Add the beaten eggs and minced onion. Gently mix in the coriander leaves, chilli powder, green chillis, brown sauce, garam masala, and cardamom. Shape into koftas and put into boiling stock. Cook till tender and drain. Heat the butter in a separate pan and lightly cook the flour. Stir in the well beaten curd and chopped celery. Bring to boil stirring continuously and cook gently for five minutes. Put in the meatballs. Season with salt and pepper. Serve with noodles or spaghetti.

HAMBURGER DELIGHT

1 kg beef
½ cup potatoes, finely grated
½ cup breadcrumbs, soaked
Juice of 1 lemon
2 cloves garlic, minced
1 onion, finely chopped
3 green chillis, finely chopped
2 tbsps. coriander leaves
Salt and pepper
1 tbsp. tomato ketchup
Grated cheese

Mix the grated potatoes and soaked breadcrumbs to the ground meat. Stir in the lemon juice, garlic, onion, chillis, ketchup and coriander. Shape lightly into patties. Grease a pan and fry till well brown on one side. Turn the patties and continue to fry. Season with salt and pepper. Remove and serve, topped with grated cheese and accompanied by fried potato fingers and a tossed green salad.

MUTYEA

1 kg whole wheat flour or millet flour (bajri)
1 kg minced mutton
¼ kg salted fish
1 coconut
60 grams dry coriander
60 grams garam masala
60 grams garlic
60 grams ginger
¼ kg onion
½ tsp. turmeric powder
Few coriander leaves
6 red chillis
Ghee
Salt to taste

Mix a little ghee and salt in the flour. Grind the coconut finely, mix half the quantity of coconut into the flour and knead well. Leave the dough to stand for about an hour. Take a handful of the dough shape into a sausage form. Keep these aside. Grind the spices finely together with the half coconut. Heat the ghee and fry the sliced onions. Add the ground spices, then add the well-minced mutton and fry for some time. Add six cups of water and bring to boil, then slowly put in the mutyeas. Keep on slow fire till cooked. Cut coriander leaves finely and sprinkle over the dish. The salted fish should be washed and fried. Serve the fish with the mutyeas.

MEAT BALL SOUP WITH CHINESE CABBAGE

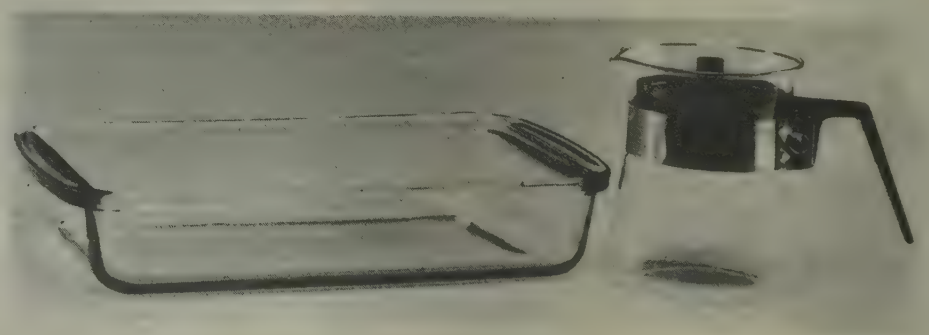
½ kg cabbage
¼ kg ground meat
½ cup leeks, chopped
1 tsp. ginger juice
1 egg
60 grams vermicelli
¼ tsp. monosodium glutamate
6 cups thin stock
Salt to taste

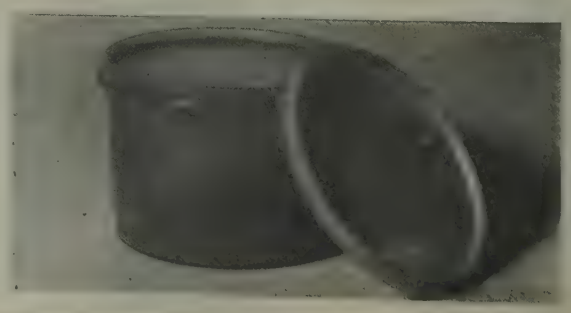
Chop cabbage in two-inch pieces and wash well. Soak the vermicelli in warm water and drain. Mix together the ground meat, finely chopped leek, egg, ginger juice and seasoning. Heat the stock, add cabbage and cook for ten minutes. Make small balls of the meat mixture and add. Cook for fifteen minutes more. Skim the froth. Add vermicelli, season again and serve hot.

ANNOUNCING MORE GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

Prize winners of our Weekly Contest will receive in addition to the usual Rs. 50.00 cash prize:

1) A 9 cup Storefresh container from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, 2) A Gift Hamper from CORN PRODUCTS containing Brown and Polson Custard Powder, Rex Jelly, Rex Baking Powder and Davis Gelatine, 3) A Utility Dish and a 2-cup Carafe or cash equivalent of Rs. 138.00 from BOROSIL GLASS WORKS LIMITED, Bombay, and 4) A Postman Cook Book from AHMED MILLS, Bombay.





RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Mrs. Phyllis Engineer, Bombay.

MY VERY OWN BAKE

250 grams minced beef (or mutton)
250 grams minced pork
2 big beef kidneys, (or 6 mutton kidneys)
2 large onions, chopped finely
1½ cup dry breadcrumbs
¼ cup raisins
1 tsp. salt or to taste
½ tsp. pepper
¼ tsp. chilli powder
2 eggs
½ cup cheese, grated
2 tps. butter

Combine beef, pork and kidney. Add a little salt and steam in pressure cooker for ten minutes with one cup of water. Add the onions, crumbs, raisins, little more salt, pepper, eggs and mix well. Put in a greased dish. Sprinkle with the cheese, breadcrumbs, dot with butter and bake for half an hour or till the top is nice brown.

Mrs. Dipali Patwary, Madras.

CHICKEN WITH BANANA FLOWER

1 medium size chicken
1 banana flower
2 medium size potatoes
4 big onions
½ tsp. cummin seeds
½ tsp. coriander seeds
½ inch piece ginger
8 cloves garlic, flaked
Salt to taste
½ tsp. turmeric
Chilli powder to taste
2-3 bay leaves
1 tsp. garam masala powder
1 tbsp. pure ghee
Pinch of sugar
½ cup oil

Clean and cut the chicken into pieces. Clean and dice the potatoes.

Before cutting the banana flower grease the palm. Remove the outer petals of the flower. Take the inside white flower and cut into very small pieces in a bowl containing water. Soak in the same water for about fifteen minutes. Grind the onion, ginger, garlic, cummin and coriander separately.

In a saucepan heat the oil. Fry the potato pieces and keep aside. Fry the chicken pieces and keep aside. In the same oil put the ginger, garlic and onion with two tablespoon of water. Fry till brown. Drain the water from the banana flower. Put the chicken pieces and the banana flower in the masala and fry for a little while. Add turmeric, cummin and coriander mixed in a little chilli powder and the potato pieces. Fry for a little while. Add one cup of hot water. Cover and keep over a slow fire. When the chicken is tender, add one tablespoon of pure ghee, pinch of sugar and the garam masala powder. When the gravy thickens, remove from fire. Serve with paratha or sweet pullao.

WEEKLY WINNER

NUZHAT ALAVI, Secunderabad.

Mrs. Alavi wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 9 cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Corn Products, a utility dish and 2 cup Carafe or cash equivalent from Borosil Glass Works Limited and a cook book from Ahmed Mills, Bombay.

IDLI — THE NON-VEGETARIAN WAY

FOR THE IDLI :

2 cups rice
1 cup udad dal
200 grams minced meat
2 green chillis
½ inch piece ginger
1 tsp. cummin seeds
2 cardamoms
1 small piece cinnamon
3 cloves
½ tsp. red chillis
Salt to taste
2 tbsps. oil

FOR THE CHUTNEY :

1 bunch coriander leaves
½ bunch mint leaves
6 curry leaves
4 cloves garlic, flaked
4 green chillis
1 big sour lime
Salt to taste

Soak the rice and udad dal for four to five hours. Grind separately. Keep aside for eighteen hours. Heat oil. Add the cummin seeds and the minced meat. Grind all the other ingredients. Add. Cook for ten minutes on slow fire. Remove and cool. Add the cooked mince to the ground mixture. Mix well. Steam like idlis without pressure for twelve minutes. Serve hot with green coconut chutney.

FOR THE CHUTNEY:

Grind all the ingredients to a fine paste. Add lime juice. Serve with hot idlis.

ANNOUNCEMENT

Monthly Cookery Queen Contest

All cookery contestants for the Monthly Cookery Contest have to send in their recipes, non-vegetarian or vegetarian, according to the subjects specified for each month. Out of the seven best selected entries, one Monthly Queen and one Weekly Winner will be selected. The remaining five recipes will be published along with the winning recipes. We give below subjects for the coming three months to enable you to send in your entries well in advance.

November, 1980
MEALS IN MINUTES

December, 1980
BISCUITS AND COOKIES

January, 1981
COOKING WITH POTATOES

All entries for November should reach us latest by October 5, December entries by November 5 and January entries by December 5, 1980.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

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Interpub/TBZ/4/80

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

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JUST SAY "NO"!
IT'S THAT INSURANCE SALESMAN WHO'S BEEN CALLING ALL DAY -
THINGS WOULD BE DIFFERENT IF IKE WERE STILL PRESIDENT!

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6-8

THE LITTLE WOMAN

OBM/3669

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"No, they're from Bye-Bye. Hey, your toes are cold!"

new great mills

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Mill's Retail Shop, Dr. Ambedkar Road.
Bangalore: The Green Shop, Commercial Street.

PEOPLE KNOWN AND

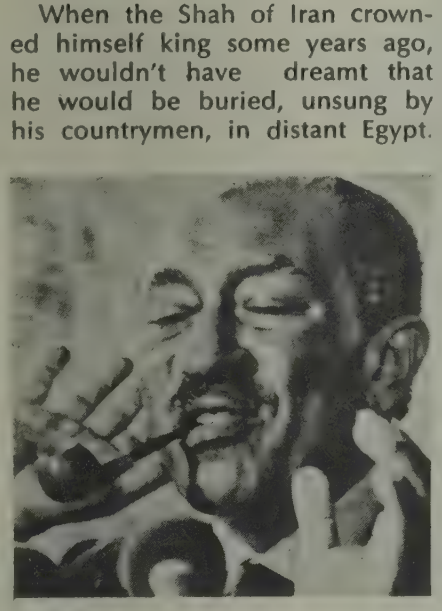
A novel concept of punishment, by which the convict's talents are utilised for the betterment of society, is slowly gaining in acceptance. A couple of years ago, a woman thief who played the piano brilliantly was sentenced by the judge to play the instrument in a home for the aged every day to cheer the old folks. **Alice Dean,** a doctor, was recently convicted of fraud worth $13,285 by a Milwaukee judge. But instead of jailing her, the judge ordered her to serve needy children in India free of charge for three years. However, a technicality may prevent this unique form of justice from taking place. Mr. Ashok Gokhale of the Indian Embassy in Washington has said that Ms. Dean would probably be denied a visa by the Indian government as she is now a convicted felon.

* * *

When the Queen Mother of England celebrated her 80th birthday recently, even anti-royalists took pride in wishing the popular Queen Mum a long life. However, the person most noticed and commented upon during the various ceremonies was Britain's rebel **Princess Margaret,** who at 50, looks slim, trim and glowing. A person who previously has won such epithets as "dowdy," "dumpy" and "one of the 10 worst dressed women of the year" from the press, Margaret today has miraculously lost about 12.5 kg., as well as her double chin. The tabloid "Sun" reckons that her rose-petal complexion "is so wrinkle-free that more than one titled lady is willing to bet her best tiara that a few tucks have been taken up under the royal hairline." And while the princess is busy gadding about with boyfriend **Roddy Llewellyn,** her handsome, grown-up son **Lord Linley** (18), who is the spitting image of his father, **Anthony Armstrong-Jones,** is slowly coming into his own. The other day, he was spotted at Heathrow airport with a stunner, whose identity he refused to reveal. But then it is common knowledge that the girl was 18-year-old **Claudia Graham-Dixon,** the daughter of an old friend of Princess Margaret; that she is going steady with Lord Linley; and that they were off to holiday in Florida and stay at the home of film moghul **Harry Saltzman,** whose daughter is a good friend of theirs.

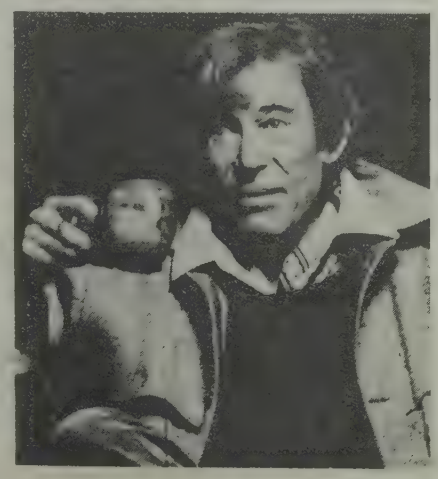
* * *

When the Shah of Iran crowned himself king some years ago, he wouldn't have dreamt that he would be buried, unsung by his countrymen, in distant Egypt.



But his good friend **Anwar Sadat** gave him a burial ceremony truly fit for a king with a 21-gun salute. Before dying the Shah had still not given up hope of re-establishing the monarchy in Iran and had nominated his son **Crown Prince Reza** (who is soon to be 21) as his successor. Now comes the news that various royalists have got together and decided to have a coronation ceremony for the son later this year and proclaim him king. This will in all probability be in Egypt, where the prince plans to set up a government in exile and eventually stage a military coup to get back his throne. What makes his task easier in anarchy-torn Iran is the fact that **Ayatollah Khomeini** is seriously ill.

* * *



Irish heart-throb **Peter O'Toole** dropped a bombshell the other day when he revealed that when he began playing Macbeth in London, he would be packing a loaded .45 pistol to protect himself from Irish terrorists. Next day, the actor quickly did an about turn and denied the statement. According to a close friend of his, the actor is actually arming himself to protect himself from enraged husbands and boyfriends who have been threatening him. And to think that once upon a time rumours insisted that his most attractive friends were from his own sex! Anyway, with the kind of reviews Peter got for Macbeth, it's a wonder he didn't use the gun on his literary tormentors. The London Times said about his performance: "His walk is an exhausted lunge, his voice thick, hoarse and full of abrasive sledgehammer emphasis." The Daily Express tongue-in-cheeked: "The drama Shakespeare didn't quite intend." O'Toole's own comment to the hoo-ha was a defensive, "What's all the fuss about anyway? It's only a bloody play."

* * *

The sparkling white marble of the Taj Mahal will begin to turn yellow within five to 10 years of commissioning the Mathura refinery, reveals **Prof. J. M. Dave,** former environmental adviser to the Indian Government. Prof. Dave, who has made extensive studies on the danger to the Taj from pollution, said that once the crystalline structure is destroyed by acidity, the weather would take over and complete the damage. Protectors of Silent Valley, please lend your sympathy and support to the saving of the Taj, for if one shows the beauty of nature, the other shows the artistry of man. Meanwhile, another king has been saved from becoming extinct. **Rameses II,** the 3,200-year-old Pharoah was ready to return to dust when the air-conditioner outside his mummy-case failed. Panicky museum officials in Cairo got in touch with their counterparts in Paris, who quickly sent spare parts to repair the air-conditioning. Earlier last year, Rameses had developed a fungal infection on his left foot and had been successfully treated by French "doctors" with nuclear gamma rays.

UNKNOWN

A childless couple in their 60s, who are passionately fond of animals, have been prevented from starting a private zoo of their own in Hyderabad although they have a 10-acre plot and permission from the Central Government to go ahead. Capt. A. S. Sayeed, a world renowned wildlife expert, is so frustrated that after running from pillar to post for six years he is still stumbling over red tape. "The best zoos in the world are privately managed. If an American can start a snake farm in Tamil Nadu, why am I being denied permission by the state government?" he asks, bewildered, and adds sadly, "After four heart attacks and numerous petitions, I'm still where I was six years ago. My patience and age are running out."

Lakshmi Narayan

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MCA-MSS-61

MANOJ KUMAR: "I AM A SLAVE TO MY SCRIPT"

Jyoti Venkatesh

These days, Manoj Kumar thinks, sleeps and dreams of his pet project, "Kranti". If you drop in at his palatial residence at Juhu, you can see him holed up in the editing room where his film is being shaped for a release. He has shifted the entire editing equipment from Ramnord Laboratory to his residence in order to hasten the editing.

Manoj, when he is at home, dispenses with star airs. He can be seen walking across his lawns clad in a colourful lungi and kurta, with a file in his hands scribbling notes about his film, his puppy following him closely wagging its tail. I met him on a hot afternoon and we talked about various topics for over an hour.

On 'Kranti'

"My film is being readied for release. I leave it to God to make it a success like every other film of mine in the past — 'Upkaar', 'Purab Aur Paschim', 'Shor', 'Roti Kapda Aur Makaan'. I have given my everything to the film. I have been thinking and sleeping 'Kranti' for the past three years. I had taken a calculated risk when I launched this film and I am glad that I have succeeded in my endeavour."

On Film-Making Trends

"Times have changed. Film-making has undergone rapid changes. I waited for nearly two years after 'Roti Kapda Aur Makaan' was released before I went ahead and launched 'Kranti'. But today I cannot afford to idle away my time for two years after 'Kranti' is released, because I have got to feed my staff. I just cannot think of lazing around scouting for ideas after 'Kranti' is made. In fact, right now, I am toying with a couple of ideas which may take concrete shape when I am free enough to devote my time to the new project."

On Post-'Kranti' plans

"I have not yet announced this to the press, but I am planning to launch not one but two films after 'Kranti'. And I will not be directing both of them. I am keen on launching the careers of my assistants, Ashok Bhushan and Veeru Devgun. Both of them deserve a big break as independent directors. I do not know myself whether they will be multi-starrer films or new-star-cast films. The directors will have to decide, because as a producer I do not think I have any right to impose my personal preferences on my directors just because I am giving them a break."

On Multi-Starrer Films

"There is a belief in the film industry that I am the pioneer of the trend of multi-starrer films. I do not subscribe to this view. When I launched 'Roti Kapda Aur Makaan,' Moushumi and Zeenat had not become the stars to reckon with as they are today. Shashi Kapoor was at the lowest ebb of his career, while Amitabh Bachchan had only a couple of films to his credit, since 'Zanzeer' had not been released. However, by the time 'Roti Kapda Aur Makaan' was released, all of them had become stars and hence my film was hailed as a multi-star film. While some accuse me of having started the trend, some compliment me on the achievement. Take 'Kranti' for example. To call it a multi-star film is an insult to my product, because it is basically an artiste-oriented project, where the star has absolutely no role to play. I signed Dilip Kumar, Hema, Shashi etc. for what they are worth as artistes and not with the intention of cashing in on their star status."

On Manoj Kumar, The Star

"I need a change very desperately now after involving myself wholeheartedly behind the camera for three years as producer-writer-director-actor of 'Kranti'. I have decided to allot shooting dates as an actor, after 'Kranti' is released, to producer Balbir's 'Santosh', in which I am cast, along with Hema and Raakhee, and producer-director Sohanlal Kanwar's 'Papi Pet Ka Sawaal', in which I will be leading the cast. A new film of mine will be launched by producers Mushir and Riaz. I do not want to grab each and every assignment that I am offered. I want to do a few select outside films before I ready myself for my next directorial assignment, which I promise you will be really 'BIG'.

On Parveen Babi

"I am thankful to God that though He has placed several obstacles in my path during the course of my career as a filmmaker, He was kind enough to have enabled me to shoot and dub all my scenes with Parveen Babi, well ahead of time. In fact, she had even taken part in a re-shooting stint because I was not satisfied with a couple of earlier takes. I was amused to hear rumours in filmland that since I am a writer myself, I had 'killed' Parveen in my film and done away with several scenes which I had intended to shoot with her."

On Salim and Javed

"Salim and Javed wrote the script of 'Kranti' and I wrote the dialogues. I suggested the idea for 'Kranti' to Salim and Javed and they worked on my idea to give me the complete script. I am a slave to my script and I respect my script-writers. Though Salim and Javed had given me full liberty to change the script if the film demanded it, I didn't want to misuse the liberty they had given me. I did change a scene here and there, but before I went on the floors I would ring them up and ask them for their permission. They once told me not to embarrass them by asking them their permission. Go ahead with the necessary changes and inform us after the day's shooting is over, they told me."

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THE EVE TEASER

Nomita Grover

IT WAS ALL HIGHLY ENTERTAINING, AN AMUSING PASTIME, UNTIL IT HAPPENED TO SOMEONE CLOSE TO HIM AND HE SAW IT FOR THE VICIOUS "GAME" IT WAS

AVTAR Singh stood in the dark, outside the slightly-ajar door of his father's room, trembling uncontrollably. He had just tip-toed out of his own adjoining room to eavesdrop; he was curious to hear what his father and sister Asha were talking about inside.

Since dinner that evening he had been feeling restless, tossing and turning on his charpoy, unable to fall asleep. The darkness of the night choked him from all sides; he felt suffocated. He dared not switch on the lights for fear of facing his family members; one of them just might drop in to discuss the details of what happened earlier in the evening.

As usual, Avtar had returned home that evening, late but in a good mood. He knew better than to show it though, once inside his home where unnecessary joviality was not appreciated, especially by his father. They had had a good time that evening, all four of them — Avtar and his friends Ved, Satish and Kanwar Singh. Actually they had been planning for quite a while for such an opportunity. The last time they had such a merry time was almost two weeks ago.

The four friends had found themselves thrown into each other's company at Delhi University's Law Faculty. They had all graduated from different private colleges of the city except for Kanwar who came from an obscure little town in Haryana. Their bachelor's degrees were like meaningless sheets of paper, that led them nowhere in securing admission to post-graduate classes, or even in securing decent jobs. Having faced the realities of life for the first time, they decided to turn escapist by spending another couple of years at the University's Law Faculty; maybe another degree might help, they had vaguely hoped.

Except for Kanwar, they all came from lower middle class families that offered them no promising future. Kanwar however was lucky to receive a fat allowance cheque from his prosperous landowner father around the first of every month. Delhi was vastly different from his distant home-town and he intended to enjoy every aspect of it, every moment of his stay here. In this he was aided and encouraged by his three city-bred friends, who at Kanwar's expense grabbed a good portion of city-entertainment.

Ved's case was different. He sought escape from a repressive home atmosphere where his step-mother ruled the roost and counted each single paisa that she handed over to him. Unwanted at home, he sought pleasures outside in his own fantasy-land.

Satish, orphaned at a tender age, was brought up by an indifferent uncle and aunt, who considered their obligations ended with providing him food and shelter. His education was supported grudgingly, his guardians seeing no reason why he couldn't join the family business immediately and be of help to them. His presence at home was barely noticed which made him spend most of his time outside the house.

Avtar came from a deeply religious Sikh family. His parents wanted to bring up their two children, Avtar and Asha, strictly according to the holy scriptures. If that had any effect on Avtar, it was yet to be apparent, but it certainly had a deep impact on Asha. Asha, dressed in simple home-stitched 'salwaar-kameez', was a sober young woman who kept her 'dupatta' draped modestly around her. She never failed to join her parents for the evening prayers and carried out her allotted duties at home with impeccable care. She had imbibed the best of whatever a middle-class orthodox Sikh family could offer to a daughter. She was to complete her B.Ed. examinations the coming summer after which her parents had decided to marry her off to a young Sikh of their choice. Like so many other girls of her age whose lives were chalked out by their parents, Asha was not expected to interfere with these plans — her silent co-operation was enough.

Asha was the apple of her parents' eye, Avtar was far from being his parents' favourite. He resented his father's orthodox attitude towards life. In his own subtle way he had tried several times, to familiarize his stubborn father with the slow metamorphosis of current society, at times even arguing with him on certain controversial issues. The result

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THE EVE-TEASER

sadly was a strained relation between father and son. Old Amarjeet Singh resolutely refused to be dragged out of his impregnable cocoon. He had his own views on life and he intended to stick to them for the rest of his days. Having failed to initiate Avtar into his own mode of thinking, he didn't hesitate to pressurize his wife Jasvir, and his daughter, to follow the prescribed path of virtue. At forty, Jasvir considered it futile to adopt a different path from that of her husband and upset the peace at home. Married to Amarjeet at a tender age, she was aware of his virulent temper and avoided all confrontations if possible. She had passed half her life that way and intended to pass the other half unchanged.

Jasvir Kaur however had often observed young children from more permissive homes. She watched with great curiosity as the boys and girls stood about in the market-place talking and laughing, or sipping at bottles of cola drinks. She observed nothing, objectionable. Staring at the happy face of a young girl, a feeling of sadness would often engulf her. Her Asha never laughed that way, she thought. True, she was the best daughter one could have, but was she really happy? Hers was such a soft and subdued smile! And even if she did burst out into jubilant laughter, Jasvir wondered, would her father approve of it? He had always warned her against such vulgar displays of jubilance, such action, he had warned, would only invite trouble by attracting the attention of a bunch of hoodlums. But Jasvir was unconvinced; she did not worry about the subtly rebellious Avtar, but she worried a lot for Asha. She wondered if a more liberal attitude towards the children wouldn't have been better. Her own life had been rigidly planned by her father and she secretly wished Asha's life were a deviation from the set path; however she lacked the energy to face the enormous obstacles in her way.

Both Avtar and Asha arrived home fairly late from college, spending the after-college hours at the library. This was true for Asha, but questionable for Avtar. He and his friends often skipped classes and had a good time at the University Coffee House; the 'dosa' there was mouth-watering, especially when paid for by Kanwar; so were the sandwiches. The aroma of steaming coffee kept them in their seats till late in the evening, discussing among other things, girls.

It was past six o'clock that evening when Avtar and his friends whiling away their time in the Coffee House, were stirred by the entry of a young girl into the restaurant. She was carrying a heavy load of books in her arms, she entered and asked for a glass of water from one of the waiters. The four boys stared at her with great interest making her visibly uncomfortable. She took the glass of water from the waiter, drank the water and placed the empty glass on the counter-top. She then left hurriedly. At that moment Avtar gave a signal to his friends; all of them left their seats, and once outside started following the young girl.

It was already dark outside. The girl walked briskly towards the Maurice Nagar bus-stop. The four determined eve-teasers followed

her. Kanwar was highly excited. Back home, social ethics demanded that women be submissive and even a little frightened of men. But here in Delhi the attitude of the girls puzzled him somewhat. They were clearly indifferent and rejected all passes made at them; this attitude simultaneously enchanted and enraged him. His three other friends were, however, not that charmed. They firmly believed that any girl would be easily available after the initial irritating period was over. After all, if all those beautiful Hindi film heroines could be won over through persistent teasing, a common girl couldn't be any different. Those initial glares were a sure sign of encouragement.

There was a long queue at the bus-stop. The girl went and stood at the end of the line. But before the four miscreants reached the spot several other students had already joined the queue and the foursome were stationed far away from the girl. They kept whispering to each other planning a novel idea to harass and tease the girl. When the bus arrived at last, the queue disintegrated in no time and everyone tried to push their way in. Avtar and his friends knew exactly what to do. They broke through the crowd and drew close around the girl. As she was in the process of getting into the bus, the four ruffians jointly thrust themselves against her; the girl almost tripped while getting in. She regained her balance and got inside followed by the four eve-teasers. She appeared obviously upset.

The bus was full to capacity; the girl stood hanging on to a strap. The conductor rang the bell and the bus started with a jerk. This provided an opportunity for Avtar to seemingly lose his balance and fall heavily on the girl standing nearby. He stood up clumsily, heaved a mock sigh and asked to be forgiven in a ridiculously exaggerated manner. The girl preferred to ignore him. The conductor arrived on the scene and demanded to see her bus pass. It didn't take the conductor long to recognise the four seasoned eve-teasers. He loved to watch the hilarious drama that the four young men once in a while managed to stage in his bus. So he lingered on for a while in anticipation of some new development, taking all his time to check her bus pass. When nothing happened soon enough, he moved up in the aisle, brushing his body close to that of the girl and muttering an obscene remark under his breath The four eve-teasers roared with laughter; the girl was close to tears.

When the bus stopped briefly at a stop, she tried hard to somehow wriggle her way out and get off the bus. She was apprehensive about the intentions of the four ruffians. But Avtar couldn't let her escape so soon, without some fun at her expense. She was very close to the exit, when at a signal from Avtar. Kanwar rang the bell and the bus started moving again. The four miscreants succeeded in preventing her exit. While his friends watched, Avtar then did an incredible thing. He drew very close to the girl, placed one of his elbows on her shoulder and leaned heavily on her. He started exerting pressure on her and was almost pinning her down. She moaned softly at the pain, and in a vain effort tried to shake him off. She felt sick with his hot breath on her face. The other three eve-teasers had in the meanwhile also gathered close to her.

She stood there trembling; tears of frustration flowed down her cheek as she desperately clung to the books against her bosom to prevent rough hands clawing at her. She looked helplessly at other passengers on the bus — the men were clearly unwilling to get involved in a situation like that; after all, such things happened every day, so why bother? Some of them looked at her with an indifference that could only encourage the ruffians; they seemed to think that if a girl got into trouble, she must have positively asked for it. Besides, why couldn't girls just stay at home? Others had a curious, amused smile on their faces, as if enjoying the drama before them. Some of them even laughed aloud as if pleased at the lesson taught to the girl; women they probably thought in their hearts, deserved to be kept under control.

Girl students in the bus stood speechless, horrified and afraid to interfere, lest they get the same treatment. The bus was slowing down, when the girl in one last desperate attempt, managed to get herself free; she pushed ahead towards the exit and jumped out of the moving bus, dropping all her books.

Avtar was elated. He always felt a strange sense of superiority whenever he thus succeeded in driving a harassed girl to a near-frantic state. He picked up the books from the floor of the bus. His friends craned their necks as he opened the cover of one of the books — in a beautiful flowing hand it carried the name: "Seema Kapoor, B.Ed. II Year, The Central Institute of Education, University of Delhi."

Everyone read it and laughed. Avtar too laughed, but stopped suddenly. He was reminded of Asha, his sister who was also studying in the same class in the same Institute. But he preferred not to let such dark thoughts mar the evening. Later on they made a bonfire of the books. Why let such an insignificant coincidence spoil the evening?

It was in such an elated state of mind that Avtar returned home that evening well after the family prayers were over. He saw his mother preparing dinner in the kitchen with Asha's help. His father as usual was resting in his own room. Something in the air told him that things at home were not as usual. Unwilling to face his father, he headed straight for the kitchen.

Continued on page 63

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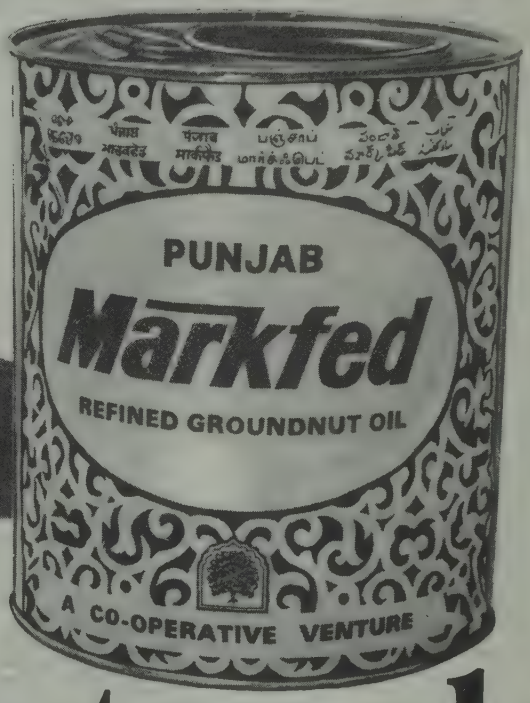

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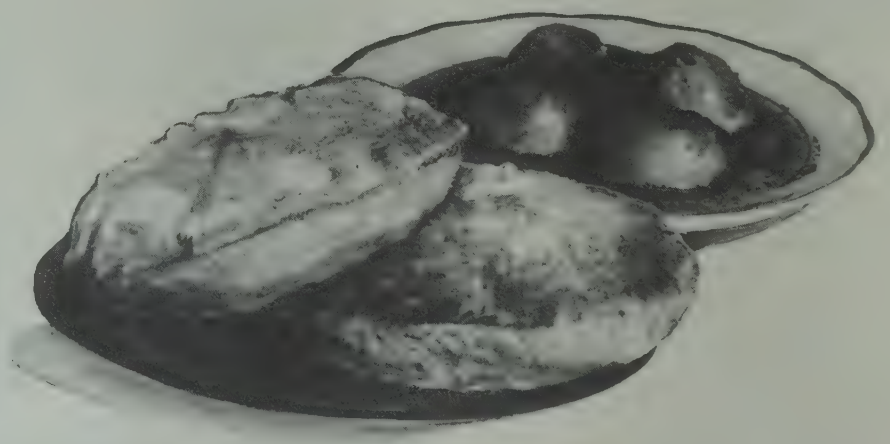

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TRUE CONFESSION

THE PAIN OF GROWING UP

I first noticed the boy because he was a little different from the rest. In my capacity as a teacher, I came across all kinds of characters -- the rough and tough, the shy and wilting, the sneaky. Most of them reacted and fell into a common pattern as the days passed. But this boy was so resistant to authority that I was perturbed. Twice I had to save him from near rustication. He was big for his years, at leart five feet eleven inches tall. But his face was young. He had failed consistently and that made him shun the company of other boys so much younger than him in years.

Our skirmish really began the day he thumped his feet systematically while I was explaining a point in mathematics. I tried ignoring him, which I find works in most cases. The boy who wants to draw attention by his bad behaviour tires of the activity himself when he sees it is not getting him anywhere. But in this case, the noise only grew louder. I stopped speaking and looked at him.

"Ravi," I said sharply, "stand up." He did so with a great deal of sound, scraping back the desk and standing sullen-faced with his long dangling limbs a bit too large for the tiny bench. He picked up his book and started to go out, which was the normal punishment most teachers inflicted on him.

I LOOKED ASKANCE AT HIM. ON HIS FACE THERE WAS THE TURMOIL OF A YOUTH ON THE THRESHOLD OF LOVE, AND I WAS SUDDENLY AFRAID OF THE CURRENTS I HAD UNLEASHED

"No," I said. "I want you to come up here to my desk." He came up dragging his feet as he walked then promptly extended his palm for the beating. I did not raise the cane. "Stand against the blackboard," I said, "with your heels touching the wall."

If he was surprised he did not show it. When he was in position, I said: "Now which of you boys wants to take his measurement? I want his height recorded in inches."

One of the boys came up. I gave him an inch tape. He had to stand on a chair to do the task. Another fellow helped him, holding the tape from below. It went on and on. They measured the girth of his waist. They measured his arms. I made them do sums converting the same to centimetres. Then to metres. It was good fun and the rest of the afternoon passed till the bell rang to signal close of the school day. The boys collected their books, wished me goodday and rushed out.

Ravi stood and glared at me as I collected my belongings and picked up my purse.

"Why did you make a fool of me?" he asked. I looked at him.

His lips had the petulance of a spoilt child. His size was in sharp contrast to his helplessness.

Though he towered over me, I was not afraid. We were the only two people in the silent classroom.

"You started it, remember?" I said softly. "If you hadn't drawn attention to yourself with the thumping, I might have picked on some other boy." He looked at me thoughtfully, wondering whether I was speaking the truth or just kidding him.

"You hate me, don't you?" he asked suddenly. "Everybody hates me and you're like the rest of them."

He seemed to feel persecuted. I wondered where he lived, what sort of environment he came from, what problems there were at home. A teacher has to be in large measure a psychologist, too. We walked out together. I didn't have much experience in the teaching line. After my teacher's training course, I had barely taught for a year at this school. I was young, just twenty-two, maybe not much older than he. How was I to mould this restless child, tone down his defiance?

The next day was a holiday. I was free. Maybe I could probe his mind, get to the root of the trouble, cause a change in him for the better. It was a challenge I set myself. Many were the teachers who had given up in despair. If he got good grades and passed out of the Class VI this time it would be a personal triumph for me.

"What are you doing tomorrow?" I asked.

He glanced at me. "Nothing. Just loafing around, I guess. It is a holiday, isn't it?"

"Yes," I said. "How would you like it if the two of us went on a nature tour? We'll study plants and trees."

His eyes lit up with childish joy. "Will you, Miss?" he asked, half afraid I would change my mind. "Do you mean you will really come with me?"

"Yes, we'll just spend a couple of hours and then you can go back home." We fixed a time and spot, and the boy departed.

After he had gone, I wondered what madness had prompted me to take such a step. When so many failed to reform him and inculcate in him some interest in his studies, how could I, a fresher of one year, change his character?

The next morning, as I packed some sandwiches in foil and coffee in a flask, I thought of the pending outing with trepidation. My mother looked inquiringly at me.

"Where are you off to, Susan?" she asked.

I didn't tell her about the boy. She had never had a great deal of confidence in me. Even when I took up the teaching job, she worried a thousand times that I would be unable to control the boisterous fellows. "You're so dainty and small," she had told me. "I'd be much happier if you taught at a girls' school."

"In the call of duty," I said. "Wish me luck, Ma."

I was two minutes early. I had half expected Ravi not to be there. He was so averse to studies that I felt he may have had second thoughts about it. To my surprise he was already at the spot, leaning against a tree and clutching two apples. The morning went off unexpectedly well. He picked up the names of the plants with remarkable ease. I told him how plants made food, how green plants were essential to human beings in many ways, how they purified the air by breathing in carbon dioxide and breathing out oxygen.

Later we sat on the grass and shared our lunch. He gave me one of the apples. While I put away the plates and mugs, Ravi explored the surroundings. I heard a cry from him and looked up. He had found an injured bird. He carried it to me with extreme gentleness and put it on the checked cloth I had laid for us to squat. His tenderness with the creature touched me. He had a kindness in him which people had missed.

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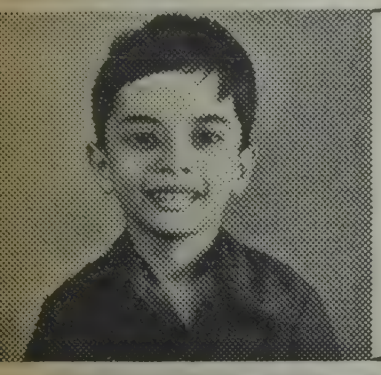

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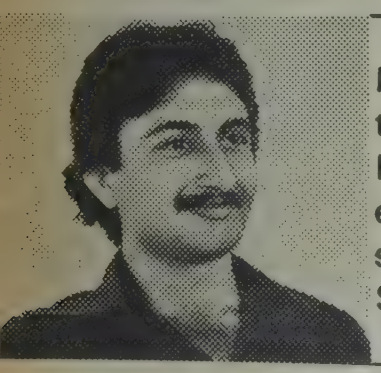

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TRUE CONFESSION

They had seen only his defiant and uncouth nature. I could not imagine this was the same boy who had almost been rusticated once for causing a skull fracture in an assistant librarian. Maybe he had been provoked beyond control.

"Can I have your scarf, Miss?" he asked.

"I want to wrap the bird in it. This checked cloth is so rough."

I undid my scarf and gave it to him. He put the hurt bird in the square of silk and picked it up. He rose. I started the scooter again. He got on the pillion and we roared away.

"Go slowly," he cautioned, "The bird. . ." I had forgotten. I slowed down. When I dropped Ravi off at the spot where I had picked him up, there was a subtle change in his expression. The fact that he was responsible for the bird's recovery had somehow given him an unbelievable confidence. There was something else too, but I was unable to put my finger on it.

The next day in the nature study test, he surpassed my wildest expectations. When I looked in his exercise book during corrections, I couldn't believe he had written all this. Yet I knew it was a fact. I had sat in supervision over the bowed heads of boys as their pens scraped away. When I distributed their books that evening, I made it a point to single him out for special mention."

"Ravi has got the highest marks in class," I said. "Give him a hand boys." As they clapped he stood up bashfully. His eyes were shining. It was a triumph for him as much as it was for me.

At closing time he came up to my desk and laid my scarf on it. "Is the bird progressing?" I asked with a friendly smile. There was a lump in his throat. He couldn't speak.

"No, Miss," he finally mumbled. "The bird died."

There were unshed tears in his eyes. I had no idea he would take it so much to heart. Once again we were alone in the class. The others had trooped out. It was a time for confidences. He was relaxed in my company now. The morning we had spent together had caused the change.

"It always happens with me, Miss," he said. "When I grow attached to something, I lose it."

"What else have you lost, Ravi," I asked gently.

"My mother," he said.

"I'm sorry to hear she's dead," I said, "but human beings are powerless to prevent it."

"She. . . she didn't die, Miss." he said. "She went away. . . One day when I was six years old I got up to find her gone. Father said she would never come back. She. . . she married again and has another child now. She doesn't want me any more."

"That's not true, Ravi. Of course, she wants to see you. Maybe she is too busy and can't find time to get away from her new responsibilities."

"Miss," he said, "if you were married, would you ever leave your husband and child?"

I looked away. I had no answer.

"Some things Ravi," I explained, "are beyond our control."

"Miss," he said suddenly. "You won't go away too, will you?'

"Not at the moment," I said.

"Don't ever go away Miss. For if you do, I will die."

I looked askance at him. On his face there was the turmoil of a youth on the threshold of love and I was suddenly afraid of the currents I had unleashed. I picked up my scarf, and began to stuff it into my purse. He put his hand on my arm and it was trembling. I had to soothe him, make him understand.

"Go home now, Ravi," I said. "You have proved what you can accomplish in class. You're a bright boy and you have a fine future ahead of you. I'm proud of you."

With a sob he put his arms round my neck. It was an awkward moment for me. He was too hefty to push away with ease.

"Ravi, release me," I said softly. He wouldn't. His grip tightened. In a flash it came to me that he was mentally unsound. He had a history of previous violence. What if he strangled me? The classroom was empty. Not a soul would know till next day. I struggled in his arms. He was crushing me. He didn't know his own strength.

It was then that I had a brainwave. "Look Ravi," I cried. "Your mother has come back!" He released me momentarily to look. It was the moment I had been waiting for. I ducked quickly and escaped from the room. I ran down the stairs, taking them two at a time. Downstairs I paused to catch my breath. I heard footsteps above me. He was coming down. I heard his voice rail at me. "You tricked me." he screamed. "You lied to me. You're like the rest of them. You hate me."

His voice galvanised me into action. I almost collided with a peon who was coming to lock up the classrooms. He took in my dishevelled state, the sweat on my forehead and my breathlessness.

"What happened?" he asked.

"It's the boy," I cried, unable to control myself.

The next moment Ravi was upon us. The peon tried to control him while I screamed for help. It took two office clerks and one more peon six minutes to overpower him. Three of the men were injured. I had had a providential escape.

The same evening, quite late, I formed a foursome in the Principal's office with Ravi and his father. It was the first time I was seeing the man and the sight of him touched me. He was tall and gaunt, with dark hollows under his eyes. There was pain in his eyes and loneliness too and now something else that bordered on bewilderment.

The Principal said, "I will have to rusticate your son now, I'm afraid. He tried to rape one of my teachers."

It was not true, but how was I to explain to the stern disciplinarian the turmoil of a sixteen-year-old? I would have to confess that I had taken the boy for an outing one morning, led him on to believe I loved him to bring about a change in his attitude towards his studies.

The boy's father said, "I cannot believe it. . . He has never. . ."

"Do you mean Miss Susan is lying?" asked the Principal.

They looked at me. I evaded their eyes.

"Is it true?" asked Ravi's father.

"He. . ." I said and couldn't go on. My heart was screaming out silently to the poor boy.

Ravi raised his eyes and looked at me.

His father said, "Ravi, tell me what happened, in your own words." The boy's voice came like a choked sob from his throat. His hands still bore marks of the Principal's lashings.

"I. . . I love her," he said. "Yet she lied to me."

Then he burst into tears. The tears of a child, hopelessly trapped in an adult world. I wanted to reach out and touch him, wash away the evil effects of the ugly incident. I wanted to tell them he had got the highest marks in nature study. I wanted to rescue this child from a loveless world and teach him to conform. The triumph of the earlier part of the day had turned into a bitter tragedy. But worse was to come.

This rejection was the last straw. Ravi could not take it. The next day, the Principal called me to his office during the recess. I went full of trepidation. He gestured to the telephone. I picked up the receiver and cradled it gently. "Hello," I said.

"Hello, Miss Susan," said a familiar voice. "I'm Ravi's father speaking." Before I could respond to his greeting, he went on. "I rang to inform you that Ravi died last night."

I caught my breath in a gasp of shock. "I've already told your Principal," the voice went on dispassionately, "but I wanted to convey the news to you personally. Maybe you are happy now?"

The accusation was like a slap.

"I'm sorry. . . how did it. . . ; mean . . ."

"He jumped from the seventh floor of the building where we stay." I wanted to reply but he had rung off. Words of sympathy remained unsaid on my lips. Anyway they would have been scant consolation. I thought of the tenderness Ravi had displayed when he nursed the injured bird, the pain in his eyes when he told me it had died, the adoration when he said he loved me.

The Principal was looking at me as I put the receiver back on its cradle. My eyes were moist with tears.

"Maybe it is best that he died," said the ignorant intellectual. "He would have given his father a world of trouble."

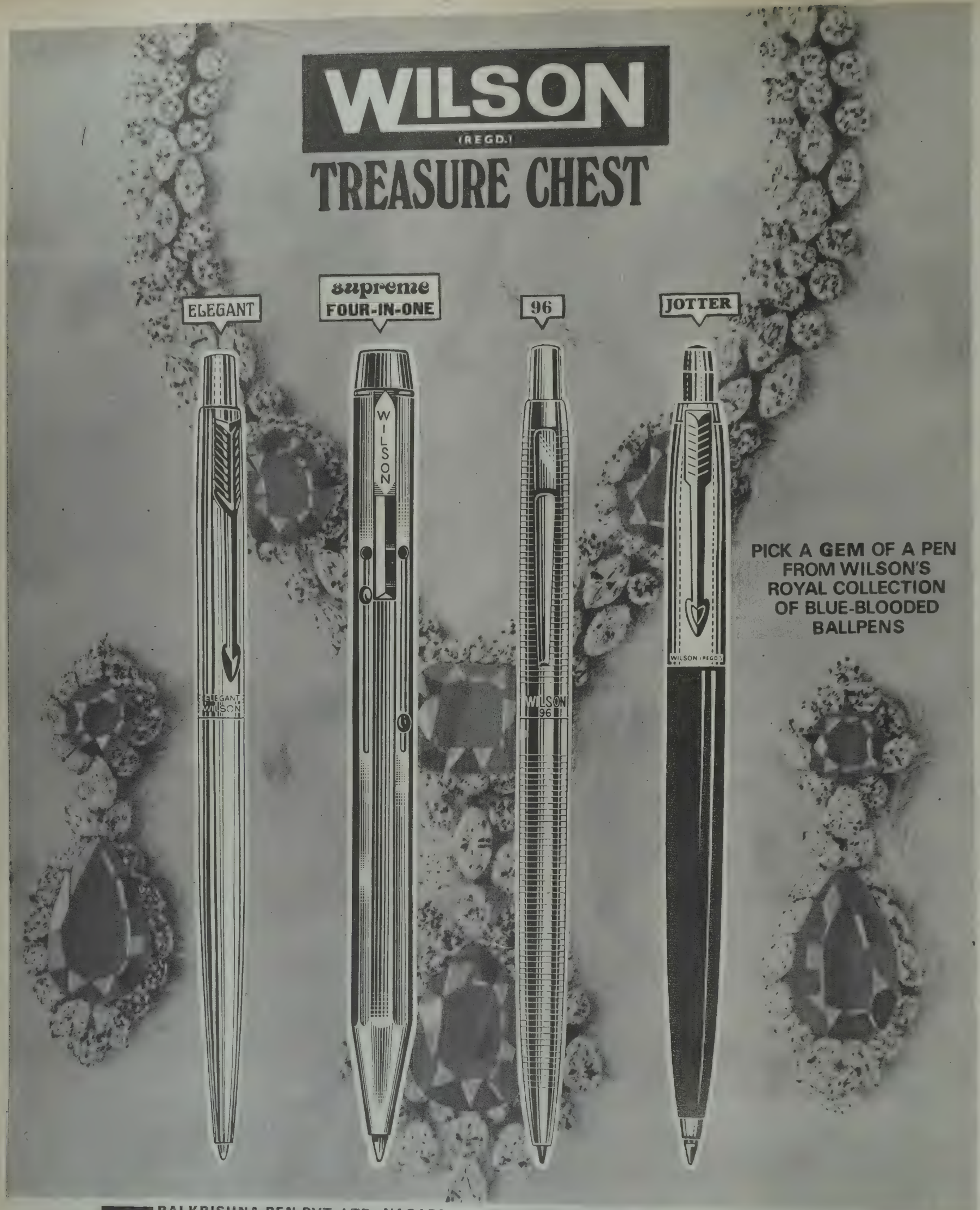
"It was all my fault," I said, maybe a little too sharply.

"Don't blame yourself, Susan," he said. "The boy was no good. Really a rotter."

The only trouble was that I knew different. But it was too late to tell them now.

WILSON
(REGD.)

TREASURE CHEST



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CONSUMER AWARENESS

The right to safety, the right to choose, the right to be informed and the right to be heard are the fundamental rights of every consumer.

"A consumer is the most important visitor at our premises. He is not dependent on us. We are dependent on him. He is not an interruption in our work. He is not an outsider in our business. He is part of it. We are not doing him a favour by serving him. He is doing us a favour by giving us an opportunity to do so."

These are the words of Mahatma Gandhi engraved on plaques, aired on occasion at some seminar on Consumerism and then, with his other sayings, forgotten.

Thirty three years after independence, the consumer still lives from crisis to crisis — sugar crisis, fuel crisis, edible oil crisis, energy crisis — caught between the zooming price of essential commodities and the tremendous erosion in his purchasing power. Are his basic rights recognised, his Right to Safety, his Right to Know, his Right to Choose, and his Right to be Heard?

The Right to Safety? The market is full of unsafe goods. There are electrical appliances in the market which no government agency has tested though the Electrical Appliances (Quality Control) Act makes it mandatory for all household electrical appliances to come up to I.S.I. standards. There are unsafe pressure stoves which have failed safety tests.

There are thermometers which register temperatures with unfailing inaccuracy. There are hazardous foods and drugs, spurious cosmetics, dangerous toys, and in many areas pollution of the environment on a grand scale. So much for the Right to Safety!

The Right to Know? How much information is the consumer given about the things he buys? He does not know the right price, nor in most cases the composition of what he buys; instructions for use and care are only given by a few manufacturers. Advertising, which should be factual and truthful, misleads the consumer by suppressing facts and creating an aura of spurious glamour for the product.

The Right to Choose? What choice does the consumer have when he has to wait for 5-6 years for a scooter, 7-8 years for an LPG cylinder, a similar period for a telephone, during which period the price has doubled or trebled? So he takes what he can get or goes without.

The Right to be Heard? How many consumers' advisory committees are there for public or private undertakings? How many letters does the average consumer have to write to get a response? When he has been treated unfairly can be get speedy justice inexpensively from our courts? The feeble voice of the consumer is drowned today by the clamour of the vested interests every time there is a crisis in the supply of an essential commodity.

Small wonder then that buyer-seller relationships are sour — as sour as last week's buttermilk! The consumer, his rights ignored, his appeals disregarded, looks upon all sellers as profiteers and manipulators who are battering on the sufferings of low and middle income consumers to enrich themselves beyond the dreams of avarice. The business man, seeing himself as a hardworking, honest citizen contributing generously to the national exchequer, is indignant at the charges levelled against him and feels that he is being unfairly, blamed for the results of policies which he did not formulate and for government actions for which he is not responsible. He points invariably to government controls, restrictions on production and on imports as the cause of the consumer's troubles.

When consumers look to government for help they are exhorted to develop consumer resistance against blackmarketing and profiteering. Thus the buck is passed back to the consumer.

Consumer resistance?

Consumers can manage with kerosene in the absence of LPG or with coal in the absence of kerosene. But what do you do when all three are in short supply and there is not even enough firewood either?

We can do without sugar but can we do without gur too? When sugar goes off the market gur prices zoom. It is all a question of supply and demand as we are repeatedly told.

No consumer resistance is possible where essential commodities are concerned. Today it is the essentials — food above all, reasonably priced clothing, shelter, transport — which are in short supply and to tell the consumer in his present miserable plight to develop consumer resistance is adding insult to injury.

All around him he sees shops bursting with luxury goods like chandeliers, carpets and jewellery, wonder worlds of electronic games and posh eating houses all within easy reach of the newly rich business community. No wonder buyer-seller relationships are at their nadir. Yet can buyers and sellers really do without each other? Even a two-day hartal with its surreptitious sales behind lowered shutters proves that one is necessary to the other. How then can the bias against the buyer be corrected and byer-seller relations be improved?

I asked Mr. M.R. Pai, vice-president of the Forum of Free Enterprise, for his views on buyer-seller relationships. Mr. Pai is also an ardent consumerist fight-

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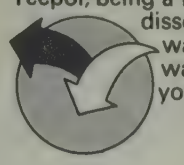

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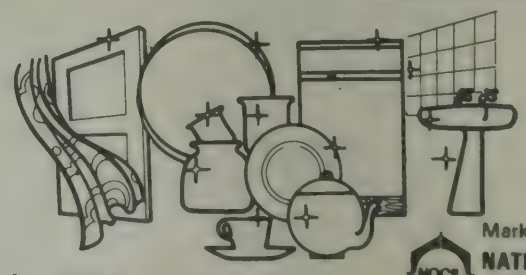

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CONSUMER AWARENESS

ing against the bureaucratic lethargy and indifference often manifested by monopolies like the Telephones, L.I.C. and the nationalised banks. In a competitive economy where producers are competing for the consumer's rupee and goodwill, the consumer would naturally be much better placed, he said. Two factors are essential to strengthen the consumer's position — either a zero inflation economy or an economy where government regulatory agencies operate vigorously to protect the consumer. In India, we have neither!

To improve the availablity of goods, he stressed the need for removal of restrictions on production and free import of goods with very high duty on luxury goods. The quality of Indian goods would then necessarily have to go up.

The present policy he feels, is one of chaos, promoting inflation and coming in the way of the full growth potential of the country. But he doubted whether the government would consider a bold switch-over in its policies.

However, he does feel that the consumer's position has improved in recent years in so far as having a larger range of goods and services is concerned. There have been some technological innovations.

He was firmly of the opinion that the huge public sector monopolies have created an anti-consumer psychology in the country which is seeping into the minds of the private producers also. However, he emphasised that if consumers make a point of understanding and insisting on their rights much can be accomplished. For buyer-seller disputes, Mr. Pai strongly advocates arbitration panels composed of experts nominated by representatives of consumer organisations like the Consumer Guidance Society of India and business organisations like the Council for Fair Business Practices. Such arbitration has worked in many cases and he has great hopes for this kind of approach. "Strengthen consumer organisations," he concluded. "That is the best way of improving buyer-seller relations".

Mr. F.T. Khorakiwala, Vice-President of the Council for Fair Business Practices and partner in a leading and popular department store, also agrees that the buyer today is unable to exercise any choice in the matter of his requirements. There is no rapport between consumers and sellers, he said. As the mass of small retailers and buyers are uneducated, there is practically no feedback to manufacturers about consumer requirements. Government's policy, he said, is also weak. Restrictions on production worked against consumer interests, further limiting their choice.

Retailers, he said, could improve buyer-seller relations by avoiding the "hard sell," genuinely trying to ascertain consumer needs and meeting them. This was the approach used in training his own staff. He was emphatic that they don't just sell. They help the buyers to make the right choice.

To ensure quality goods, his employees visit factories, examine and test goods and buy directly from the manufacturer. They are thus in a position to offer goods at bargain prices. He felt

that government did not appreciate that large scale retailing is an industry in itself and incentives given to industry such as institutional financing should be made available to retailing also. This is not the case at present. Large scale retailers in the West with shop areas of 40,000 square feet offer consumers a very wide choice of goods very economically. Here retailers had to tie up their capital in expensive premises, he said.

Mr. Khorakiwala also stressed the importance of teaching the selling staff to pay particular attention to complaints, and of referring the complaints back to the manufacturer.

However, most retailers in our experience are not prepared to take responsibility for redressing a complaint. They tell the consumer to go to the manufacturer though under the Sale of Goods Act, the deal is between the retailer and the consumer and the consumer has a right to expect the retailer to have the complaint redressed by referring it to the manufacturer.

The manufacturer in turn quite often shrugs off his responsibility by charging the consumer with using the product badly, or by stating that a particular part is not covered by the guarantee, etc., etc. In many cases the manufacturer who has ignored complaints from buyers begins to act, and act quickly, as soon as a consumer organisation takes up and follows up the complaints.

It is clear that the scales are heavily weighted against the buyer in a predominantly seller's market, especially in the matter of essential commodities. Frustration and bitterness caused by the helplessness of the average consumer is increasing. The disappearance of essential commodities, the blatant profiteering in sugar edible oils and other scarce items is giving rise to a policy of "each man for himself and the devil take the hindmost." Unless bold steps are taken by government based on pragmatism rather than on ideology, the situation will deteriorate further.

Three steps would help:

1) Removal of all restrictions on production of goods in short supply especially food, clothing and housing. Substantial tax or other incentives must be given to all sectors able to bring about a striking increase in production of essential commodities like edible oils, sugar, pulses, moderately priced cloth, low cost and medium cost housing and essential household appliances able to meet ISI specifications. What is required is a crash programme to be implemented by using the carrot in place of the stick.

2) There is an urgent need for banning food exports as long as India is not self-sufficient in food. We are a long way from having an exportable food surplus. Currently, whatever is exported is taken out of the mouths of Indians.

3) To reduce the imbalance between supply and demand, family planning needs to be vigorously implemented and propogated with tax incentives for tax payers and bonuses for non-tax payers to keep the family down to two children. Loss of the incentive on the birth of a third child will definitely encourage acceptance of family planning.

As far as buyer-seller relationships are concerned, awareness of consumer rights is growing though slowly. The press is beginning to take a more active interest in the consumer's plight with several papers and weeklies providing a forum for consumer grievances. Consumers are beginning to organise themselves in an effort to redress the balance between the buyer and seller, especially between the consumer and the giant public monopolies. Bombay has seen the growth of a Telephone Users Association, a Bank Depositers Association, Household Gas Users Association, a Tenants Association, a Passengers and Traffic Relief Association. More power to them!

The Consumers Education & Research Centre, Ahmedabad, is fighting campaigns against L.I.C. and Indian Airlines to make them more responsible and responsive to public needs and has had some remarkable successes.

The C.G.S.I. is actively striving for safe products, quick redress of complaints and proper education, protection and representation of consumers. The Grahak Panchayat organises consumer buying clubs to enable consumers to obtain unadulterated goods at wholesale prices on a no-profit no-loss basis.

A change in approach is required in the majority of manufacturers and traders. Consumers Advisory Committees in all public and large private undertakings, training courses to make the staff more consumer oriented, more helpful, and more out going, straightforward, and clear price marking, proper marking of dates, composition, ingredients and weight will help the consumer a great deal. These are the things which make manufacturers popular with consumers. If they are also quick to repair or replace defective products about which they receive complaints, they will retain consumer loyalty for life and create a strong buyer-seller bond.

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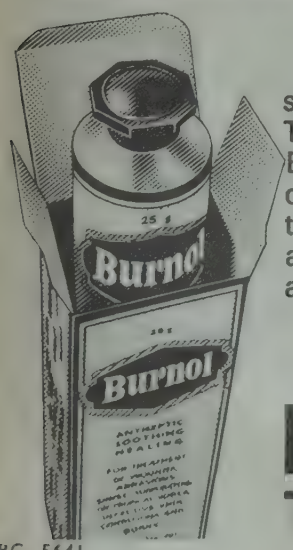

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YOUNG VIEWPOINT

Continued from page 17

rivalry springs up during these winter 'fests' and thousands of students flock to participate or just watch and cheer their college representatives. Quiz competitions, dumb charades and debates are also held. On the whole, a healthy atmosphere of comradeship and friendly rivalry is promoted.

The "rarity of charity" has often been bemoaned. But in the Delhi Univ. students are encouraged to devote some of their spare time in helping the less fortunate. Social welfare groups are scattered all over the university and they endeavour to aid and assist the handicapped. Students belonging to the N.S.S. are sent as volunteers to read to blind students, thereby helping them with their studies. Other students are encouraged to go to hospitals and orphanages, help spastics, visit institutions for the mentally retarded or any other handicapped people. Students also participate in many fund-raising schemes, and the money thereby earned is put to good use by charitable institutions.

For all of us, a penny saved is a penny earned. For the young students of today, with their limited pocket-money a penny earned is a penny required! They are always on the look-out for part-time jobs. Some hostelites help with library or swimming pool duties and get extra money. Modelling, for both girls and boys, still remains a very lucrative and enjoyable employment. Taking part in international fairs (and here their knowledge of a foreign language comes handy); acting as ushers in fashion shows or conferences; becoming salesmen/girls and going from door to door promoting the sales of any product. . .

It might spring from this compulsive desire to earn money or it might be the result of a love or flair for writing, but many college girls and boys have an extreme passion for journalism. College magazines go a long way in encouraging this aptitude. Often inter-college essay or extempore writing competitions are held. Many students try their hand at poetry too. Indeed, the Pen-Power is felt strongly in the Delhi Univ.

Lastly, I am compelled, however briefly, to mention one activity in which most students (the majority willingly, some albeit hesitatingly) participate. For them, the iron is always hot and they are always ready to strike! By and large, campus politics are beyond the comprehension of most, save those who are involved, and for them it's a case of do or die! Organising strikes, taking part in rallies (some for good causes, no doubt), canvassing for college election . . . yes, the mind is never left idle for the devil's occupation.

One thinks of the old adage of "all work and no play" making Jack a dull boy. But that's one thing which the students of the Delhi University need not fear. However, parents and college lecturers tend to dread the antithesis. They fear that it's a case of all play and no work but that is not the truth. Come examination time and all these activities are shelved for the moment. Yes, for those weeks it's a case of studying being more than enough!

Ritu

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

STARS SIGN THEIR DEATH WARRANTS

The only topic in filmdom is "Shaan", "Kranti" and Amitabh Bachchan. It is but natural, since both are big films and Amitabh is at the moment the heaviest gamble, with five films to be released. "Shaan" and "Kranti", apart from "Sholay" Sippy and Manoj, has Salim-Javed.

"Shaan", like "Sholay" may throw up another Amjad in Kulbhushan Kharbanda.

Astrologers are getting V.I.P. treatment. Apart from badam, pista, fruit, puree-halwa, folks who are happy with their predictions are lining their pockets with notes.

According to them, October 10 is an important date. From then onwards nuisance planets will make the way easy for Rajesh (a prediction for last five years) and hinder Amitabh's progress. Professionally Amitabh has reached the point where Rajesh had crashed. Turbulent relations with Salim-Javed, not very buddy with Tito or Yash, be it Chopra or Johar. Rekha had retained her relationship with Amitabh in spite of the fact that on Jaya's threats he had removed her unceremoniously from a film. Rekha signed "Silsila" with him to prove to the directors and the public that he wants her back professionally, then decided to spit abuses on his face and the advance money on Yash Chopra's and quit. He is faced with a rival like star maker Hrishikesh Mukherjee who continues to manufacture super stars as well as hit films. Almost any and every film, from musical hit "Qurbani" to "Apne Paraye", has clicked minus Amitabh. The press treats his rule like that of Aurangzeb after the benevolent and diplomatic Akbar (Rajesh), and freelance photographers still refuse to click him.

While small producers are busy giving statistics of the big films that have flopped, e.g. "Joker", "Satyam", "Kaala Patthar", "Shalimar", "Burning Train", know-alls are predicting a complete turnover in the present system. All the big releases, with winter creeping in fast in the North, plus the riots, will be put off for next year.

Few realise that Hollywood, like God, has found shelter only in India. But stars who have video sets are unknowingly signing their own death warrants. Bombay is full of videos. When "Qurbani" premiere was on, I was watching the film on the video. Some of my friends have already seen "Shaan" in New York (overseas distribution died years ago). And the other day when I asked some kids in my friend's house whether they would like to see a trial of "Dostana", and expected them to hug me, imagine my surprise when they asked the cast and said, "No thank you, from mornig we have seen 'Deedar', 'Do Aur Do Paanch' and 'Kaala Patthar' we switched off. Not again the same people."

The allure and magic are gone when you don't have to dress up, wind your way through the traffic jam, keep to the show time to watch your favourite stars. They look like giants on the screen. When you can watch them while tucked in bed, they look like pigmies. You can switch them on and off. The switch board is in the hands of the audience and that is the end of the glamours giants.

* * *

Chintu got a baby girl, one and half months early. But the baby is normal and full time. So people are giving dimensions to Neetu's swoon at the wedding. Even Poonam, Shatru's wife, had fainted, so had Pushpa, but Pushpa had a miscarriage.

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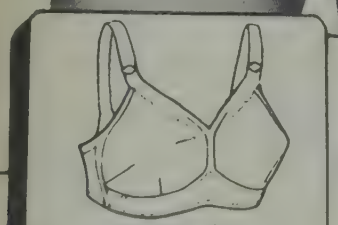
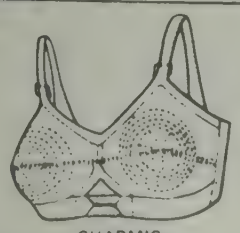


DREAM GIRL



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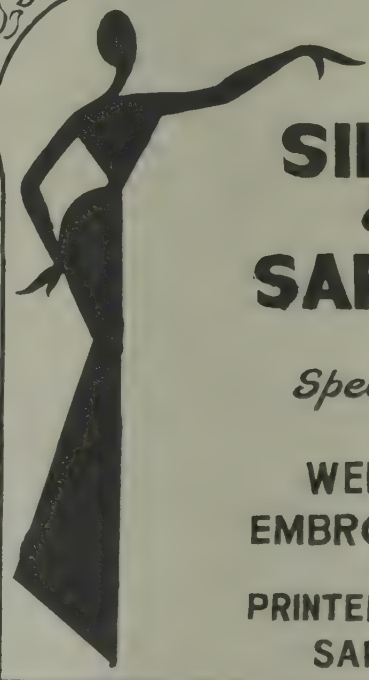

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WOMEN IN FOCUS

Sivananda Vijayalaxhmi is the self-taught master of all the epics of Hindu mythology, Sanskrit 'slokas' and prayers.

She gave her first discourse, at the young age of eight. Today, at forty three she has held innumerable discourses, both at home and abroad.

SIVANANDA VIJAYALAXHMI

EPIC DISCOURSES

"My speeches are more or less a spiritual sadhana," she says smiling. "My talks begin with a prayer, when I help and invite the audience to pray aloud with me. In between, I teach them some important 'slokas'. In the end, I help them to meditate.

" 'Slokas' are just prayers and worship is puja. It's not enough to recite a hundred slokas every day," she says. "One should understand the prayers one utters, and perform puja the correct way. It's not difficult for any woman to learn the correct method of performing puja."

Sivananda Vijayalaxhmi hails from Madurai, where she studied up to the S.S.L.C. She mastered the Sanskrit language by diligent home study. Today, she excells in giving religious discourses both in Tamil and in English. For a housewife to master three languages by diligent home study, is in itself a great achievement. But to be able to deliver the epics fluently, in both Tamil and English, is an example of Sivananda's dedication.

She has made an in-depth study of all the epics, like the Mahabharata, Ramayana, Kandapuranam, Periyapuramam, Bhagavadham, and Bhagavat Geeta. She has also done a comparative study of the epics in Sanskrit and Tamil.

"Any woman who has the inclination to study the slokas, can do so with a meanings book," she adds.

Vijayalaxhmi is invited to give discourses at temple functions, at schools, cultural and musical associations, and for fund raising. She gives free benefit performances for various causes, and has helped collect funds to the extent of several lakhs for various causes.

"My family environment itself is very religious," she says. Now since her three children are grown up, she is able to travel all over the country giving discourses.

"But even when my children were very young, I used to take them with me. Later, I left them in my mother's care. My parents' and my husband's encouragement has been instrumental in helping me in my chosen life style," she says.

During the '70s Vijayalaxhmi visited Singapore and Malaysia, where she gave about 58 discourses. Her radio talks in Malaysia, ran for a full eleven hours. They are broadcast over Radio Malaysia even now, every week. She has given T.V. programmes, and radio talks both in India and abroad.

Mohini Ramalingam

THE EVE-TEASER

Continued from Page 51

"Dinner coming along soon?" he asked his mother.

There was no immediate response. Slowly Jasvir Kaur turned towards her son and answered, "In a few moments son. We are behind schedule; Asha isn't very well today. She just got up to help me."

"What's the matter with her?" he enquired looking towards his sister. Asha stood beside the stove with downcast eyes, they were red and swollen.

"What's wrong with her?" he demanded.

"Something terrible happened this evening," said Jasvir, "Asha was returning home late from college when some boys molested her."

"What!" Avtar burst out in total disbelief.

"Yes, true. . ." Jasvir continued, "It was probably all planned, the boys had been hounding her for the past few days..."

Avtar didn't want to listen to all the details. He was breathing heavily, his jaw muscles tightened and he clenched his fists. With a great effort he controlled himself and whispered under his breath, "Who were they?"

"She doesn't know them. . ." Jasvir answered and continued to give all the lurid details of the assault on Asha. Avtar's mind went all bleak and he hardly listened to his mother who narrated how two eve-teasers got into the same bus with Asha how they took liberties with her in front of the watching passengers and how they kept following her even after she jumped off the running bus. "Why don't you go to her room and have a look at her clothes — ripped off with a blade or something." Jasvir Kaur continued to talk, but Avtar was barely listening. Is this the punishment of my own misdeeds, he kept asking himself, to come home and find my own sister thus molested? His mother was still talking but Avtar couldn't stand there and listen to her any longer; he staggered to his room.

How dare they, he thought as his blood boiled, molest his own sister! He could kill them, chop off the hand that dared to touch his sister. At this rate it was unsafe for any woman young or old to stir out of the house, he thought. What about his mother? True, she had gained some weight in recent years, but at forty she still exuded a rare charm. What if some miscreant dared to molest her? The very thought drove him into a rage — he would kill him with his bare hands! This thing, he thought, was like a deadly disease spreading its germs on all sides. It should be stopped and the responsibility lay with young men like him. When his mother at last called him for dinner Avtar replied that he had no appetite.

He tried to sleep but couldn't. He kept tossing and turning on his charpoy. It was then that he heard his father calling out to Asha. After a while he heard Asha entering the adjoining room. He heard his father talking to her about that evening's happenings and Avtar couldn't lie still any longer. He tip-toed out of his room and peered into the next room. He heard his father talking to Asha, "Beti . . . when it comes to protecting yourself, any action is right and justified — both in a court of law and even in front of God; so keep this with you beti, and use it if you must. . ." Avtar craned his neck to watch and what he saw made his blood curdle. He saw Asha holding a shiny little dagger in her hand for a moment before she slipped it into the handbag slung over her shoulder. The blade gave one last vicious glint at Avtar before it disappeared.

In great panic Avtar rushed back to his room. He was suddenly reminded of something his mother had told him long back — that even an earthworm would raise its hood and attempt to strike one day if subjected to constant abuse. He realized what ridicule he would be faced with if he tried to reason with his friends about the folly of such eve-teasings, he who had always led them in all such adventures. But Asha's tearful face haunted him throughout the miserable night. He slept fitfully often waking up with nightmares. He saw his mother struggling with a miscreant, a sharp dagger in her hand. Then she was suddenly overpowered, she fell to the ground as the dagger pierced her body and lay there in a pool of blood. Avtar woke up with a start. God had punished him effectively, he repented. From tomorrow, he told himself, he would begin a fresh chapter in his life. Maybe that might bring some unknown joy into his hitherto stale life, he thought, and into the lives of many others around him.

BOMBAY

The Inner Wheel Club of Bombay Mid-Town, the ladies wing of the Rotary Club of Bombay Mid-Town, is one of the leading social organisations in the city rendering Community Service especially to the children living in slums.

The various areas in which the members are working Includes a Baby Clinic at Rotary Piramal Medical Centre at Tardeo, Sophia Medical Centre at Bhulabhai Desai Road, distribution of khakras at G. T. Hospital, a trolly library service for bed ridden patients at Bhatia Hospital, looking after some of the inmates of Happy Home for the Blind, physically handicapped and mentally retarded and those of Asha Daan. They are also responsible for raising a good corps by providing free school uniforms, text books and other equipment to some 80 children throughout their educational career.

Lately, the club decided to make Bombay a green city by planting a number of trees.

As these various projects require large sums of money, the club has arranged a play entitled, "Sleeping Partners" directed by Adi Marzban at Sophia Bhabha Auditorium on Saturday, October 11, 1980, at 7.15 p.m. as part of the fund raising programme. Admission through tickets and donation cards can be had from the Sophia Auditorium from October onwards.

* * *

The National Association for the Blind, since its inception in 1952, has established a vast network of activities, services and projects for the training and rehabilitation of the blind in India.

The yearly All India Flag Day was held recently on September 15, 1980 in several States of India, when funds were collected from the common man to enable his blind brethren to become self-reliant members of society.

* * *

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

Mr. H. H. Ismail, President of the Bombay Hospitality Committee and Committee of Hosts representing 51 leading Social, Cultural and Educational Institutions of Bombay organised a cultural evening, "Fashion Rhapsody of 1980" presented by Sylnar Unit, a unique dance of lights by Raj Deepak, International Stage & T.V. Artist, and a beauty contest and selection of "Miss Oberoi Towers" at Hotel Oberoi Towers. The chief guests were Mr. Baburao H. Shete, Mayor of Bombay, and Mr. Sobhi El Ejel, Dean and Consul General of Syria.

* * *

Vaitalik, an organisation devoted to the promotion of Indian classical music and dance, has sponsored a research project in collaboration with the SNDT Women's University, on the "inter-relationship between stage music of Maharashtra, Karnataka and Gujarat in the period 1880-1935". The research which was started a year ago with an initial contribution of Rs. 10,000 by Vaitalik, is being done by Mrs. Nirmala Gogate, a post graduate student in the University's Department of Music, under the guidance of Prof. V. R. Athavale, former Head of the Department of Music of the University.

At a function held recently, Mrs. Shanti Sadiq Ali, President of Vaitalik handed over the second contribution of Rs. 10,000 towards the project to Dr. Madhuri Shah, Vice Chancellor of the University. When the research project is completed, the University will publish a monograph

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1. Mrs. Shanti Sadiq Ali (left) President of Vaitalik, hands over a donation for a research project to Dr. Madhuri Shah, Vice-Chancellor of the SNDT Women's University, at the annual day music programme held by Vaitalik, a cultural association of art and music, in Bombay. Also seen is Mrs. Amita Banerjee and a guest.

2. At a cocktail party hosted by Oberoi Hotels at Hotel Oberoi Towers, Bombay, for major commercial concerns, are seen (from left) Mrs. P. Frel, Mr. H. Kurt, Mrs. H. Kurt, Mr. A. Frei, and Mr. A. Siddiqi.

3. A function was held by Mr. G. S. Mamik, General Manager of Narang Group of Hotels (3rd from right) at Ambassador Hotel, Bombay, to promote Aurangabad as a premier tourist spot in the country. Seen (from left) are Mr. Helmut Kalb, Mr. Nani Mital, Mrs. H. Kalb, Mrs. G. Mamik, Mrs. N. Mital, and Mr. V. Ubhaykar.

on the subject which will be valuable for scholars and publications devoted to the history of stage music in India.

* * * *

A Bharata Natyam performance of Miss Jasmine Antia was sponsored by the Max Mueller Bhavan at Stuttgart Hall, Prince of Wales Museum Annexe, recently.

Jasmine joined 'Natyalaya' in 1972 and for several years she received rigorous and meticulous training from Mrs. Vyjayanthimala Bali. She is now continuing her training under Kumari Chandrika in her Shakthi Academy of Bharata Natyam. A student of St. Xavier's College, she is doing advanced courses in German at the Max Mueller Bhavan.

* * *

"Rukmani" of Delhi will be holding an exhibition-cum-sale on October 6, 7 and 8, 1980, at Aakar Art Gallery. On display will be hand-printed sarees, household linen, bedspreads and ready-to-wear churidar-kurtas exclusively designed by Mrs. Rukmani Joshi.

* * *

"Naughty 80", a fun affair will be held from October 31 to November 3, 1980, at the Municipal Park, opposite National College, Linking Road, Bandra, in aid of Muncherjee Nowrojee Banajee Industrial Home For The Blind. Organisations interested in sponsoring a night, advertising their products and putting up stalls are requested to contact officials at 10, Chote Gope, 37th Road, Bandra, Bombay-400 050. Tel : 537878.

* * *

CALCUTTA

A seminar on "Assault against Women" was organised by the Calcutta University Students' Union. Mrs. Maitreyi Devi, writer and social worker, said that this evil was not new, but could be fought by rousing the conscience of the people, and not by political harangues. Mrs. Pankaj Acharya, Chairman, West Bengal Social Welfare Advisory Board, said that women have begun suffering from injustices which can be removed by stringent measures of punishment for rape and by encouraging more self reliance among women. Mrs. Bela Dutta Gupta, Head of the Department of Sociology, Calcutta University, said that a change of social structure was needed to ameliorate injustices against women.

* * *

The Park Hotel was the venue for the inauguration of the Mod Films Company. The chief guest was Col. V. Jagannathan and the Society was formally inaugurated by Mr. Bhola Nath Sen, MLA.

* * *

The new naturalism was evident in Sekhar Chatterjee's production, "Etotuku Basa" under the aegis of Theatre Unit. This was an adaption from Kroetz's "The Nest".

OOTACAMUND

The half-yearly meeting of the All India Women's Conference, was held at Tamizhagam recently. At the inaugural function Mrs. Uma Sukhavaneshwar, wife of the Collector of the Nilgiris, welcomed the President, patrons and delegates of the AIWC. The President of the All India Women's Conference, Mrs. Sarojini Varadappan, in her presidential address, outlined the various activities of the Conference, particularly with reference to women's and children's problems.

Mrs. Gomathi Srinivasan, Minister for Social Welfare, inaugurated the function.

Mrs. Akkamma Devi, Standing Committee Member, and President of the Nilgiris branch of the A.I.W.C., proposed a vote of thanks.

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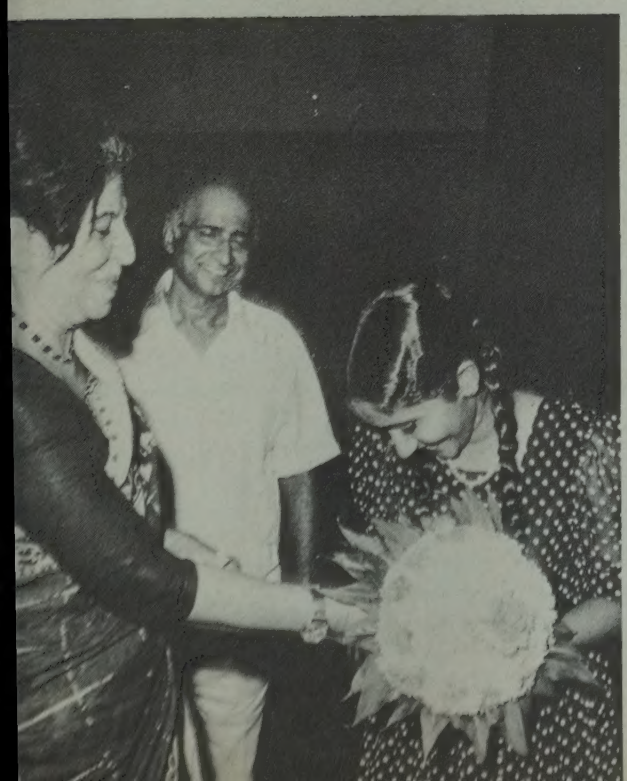

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4. Miss Swaroop Sampat, Miss India 1979, who was the chief guest at a function held at New Excelsior Theatre, Bombay, receives a bouquet from Mr. Jal Unwalla, Hon. Entertainment Secretary of Godrej Staff Club.

5. Mrs. Manjula Desai, Principal, Shree Jivkor Vanita Vishram, was felicitated by the State Home Minister, Mr. Prabodh Rawal at the Teachers' Day celebrations organised by the Ahmedabad Municipal Corporation.

6. Mrs. Tara Cherian, Former Mayor of Madras, presents a bouquet to child artiste Sujata at a benefit performance held in aid of the Union Christian Higher Secondary School. Looking on is Mr. K. N. George, Director of the Madras School of Social Work.

7. Mrs. Sarojini Varadappan, President, All India Women's Conference, addressing the gathering at the half yearly meeting of the AIWC held at Ootacamund. At extreme right is Mrs. Gomathi Srinivasan, Minister for Social Welfare and Animal Husbandry, Tamil Nadu.

7

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

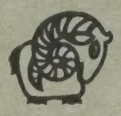
FOR THE WEEK OCT. 5 — 11, 1980

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK

By and large you are entering a happy period of prosperity, success and popularity. Your affairs prosper, your plans will bear fruit and the sphere of your activities will enlarge. You can give shape to your plans and ventures on projects which you have had in mind for some time. Enterprise will be rewarded and work will bring ample reward. Your social life too will be both busy and pleasant with invitations to parties at which you meet interesting, perhaps influential people. A time to shed inhibitions and propel yourself into the centre of activity to be noticed and appreciated.

ARIES
(Mar 22 — Apr 20)



A few problems may crop up on Tuesday evening. A friendship which has brought you benefits will now settle into a rather routine affair. It would be wise to play safe for some time.

TAURUS
(Apr 21 — May 21)

Even if you find the present circumstances dull, hold on patiently. Impulsive changes may worsen your lot. Keep a low profile so that you do not arouse rivalry and envy.

GEMINI
(May 22 — June 21)

You will find the second half of the week favourable both as regards money matters and your business and professional interests. Tuesday evening, you'd be wiser not to date your opposite number.

CANCER
(June 22 — July 23)

Work you have avoided so far you will now find requiring your urgent attention. So now you will have to work during your leisure time. If married, your partner may decide on a change of home decor.

LEO
(July 24 — Aug 23)

If you have not heard from some of your friends and relatives, you will find them getting in touch with you and giving plenty of news. You will have to go out of town frequently, but you will enjoy it.

VIRGO
(Aug 24 — Sept 23)

Financially, you have now the luckiest month ahead of you. Sell off things you want to get rid of. A friend will put you in touch with a good money making opportunity and you can benefit from it.

LIBRA
(Sept 24 — Oct 23)

A prosperous period is indicated for you. To take advantage of this, plan nicely, show initiative and enterprise and be on your toes to seize every opportunity that comes your way, there will be quite a few.

SCORPIO
(Oct 24 — Nov 22)

There is need to be careful about your good name. Be extra discreet. Even completely harmless meeting with friends will cause unfriendly talk. If single, a promising romance may be wrecked by a third party.

SAGITTARIUS
(Nov 23 — Dec 22)

Although you are a strong and forceful person, you will meet someone who will force you to take a certain line of action. So a very busy period ahead carrying out plans and projects, with perhaps some mental conflict.

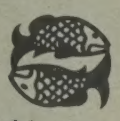
CAPRICORN
(Dec 23 — Jan 20)

A month of success and prosperity ahead. And you also get an opportunity to project your views and personality to the public and become known. But take the success calmly and avoid becoming bumptious.

AQUARIUS
(Jan 21 — Feb 20)

A very uneventful week in which the affairs of others will hold your interest more than your own. Some of those known to you will face changes of fortune. Monday is a good time for any important decisions.

PISCES
(Feb 21 — Mar 21)



Not a very good week financially. This may be because of fall in income, unexpected expenses, or payments due to you being postponed. And your own judgement will not be at its best. So postpone purchases for the present.

THOSE OMINOUS WHITE SPOTS. . .

Continued from page 15

ease which requires months of treatment for a complete cure. If a patient follows all my instructions it would take about four weeks before the effect of the medicine is seen on his or her white spots. It would be a few months before the results become really obvious. By that time however, most of them panic and run from doctor to doctor in search of a quick cure. Of the 4000 I have treated, a large number gave up the treatment after a few weeks, otherwise the results would have been much better."

Of the treatment of extensive leucoderma and of sensitive areas like the lips, he said, "On hairless areas and on the mucous membrane there is a natural deficiency of pigment as a result of which they are lighter in colour. If leucoderma affects these areas, like the lips and finger-tips, a cure is extremely difficult to obtain."

That the Vaidya is earnest about his research and its efficacy is obvious from the fact that he has published a book on "White Spots" and explained in it all their common causes. In addition, a large section is devoted to leucoderma and his theory of melanoblastic auto-infiltration. He is presently engaged in writing a booklet on Ayurvedic medicines (including those for treatment of vitiligo) which spells out the constituents of each of his medicines.

V. D. Paranjape's treatment costs as much as treatment by skin specialists of modern medicine. His tablets and oil cost about Rs. 20 a month and a sitting of herbo-surgery costs Rs. 30; consultation fees extra. An allopathic specialist would charge Rs. 50 for consultation and the cost of psoralen tablets and cream would be extra. Plastic surgery would cost a person anything between Rs. 300 and Rs. 1000 per sitting depending upon one's paying capacity and the class of facilities demanded. However, in most of our metropolitan cities the larger public hospitals have full-fledged departments of plastic surgery where the operations are done at nominal charges.

It is an irony that leucoderma is more prevalent in the developing countries rather than in the affluent West which can afford to spend millions on research of this strange disease. Even when it does affect a person in the West, the populace being of a basically fairer complexion the colour contrast is not as obvious as it is in the darker races of the tropics.

It is a strange but true reflection of our illiteracy and superstitions that leucoderma and leprosy patients are treated like outcasts from society. The need of the hour is a more humane and understanding approach to diseases like these which must be looked at in their proper perspective. In the meantime, moving even an inch forward in the treatment of leucoderma in any system of medicine must be looked upon as a great victory on behalf of the millions who suffer this form of "living death."

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